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GEORGE Q.
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EDITOR

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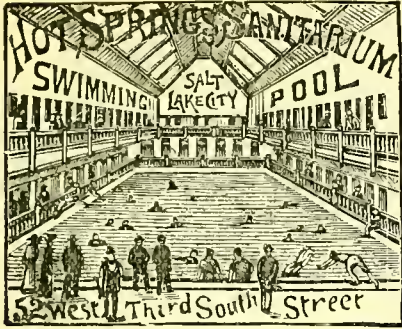
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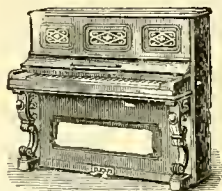
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VOL. XXXV.

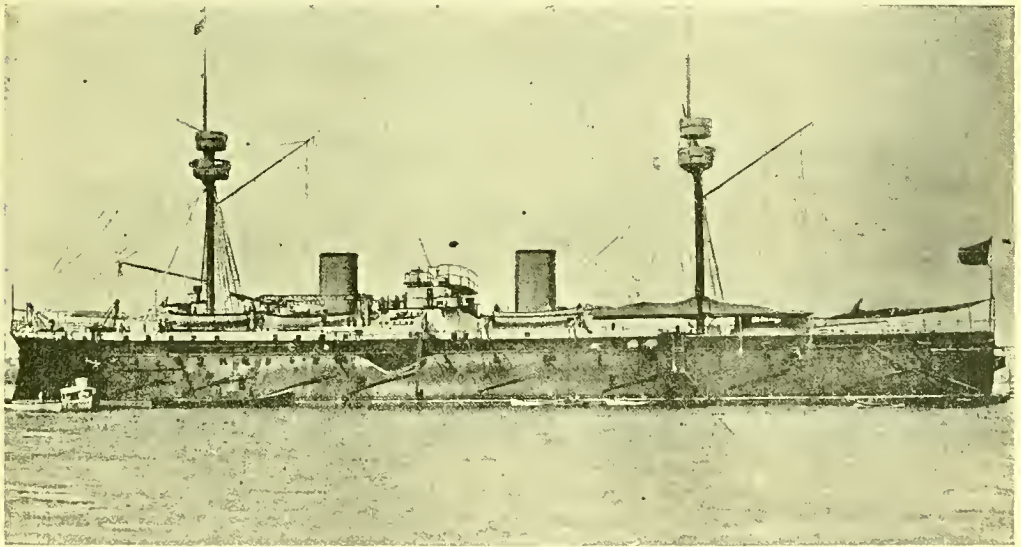
SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1900.

No. 15.

THE PRESENT CHINESE CRISIS.

3 UST now there is no part of the world that is receiving so much attention from the civilized nations as China. The causes of it all are somewhat obscure, and the developments thus far are even more difficult

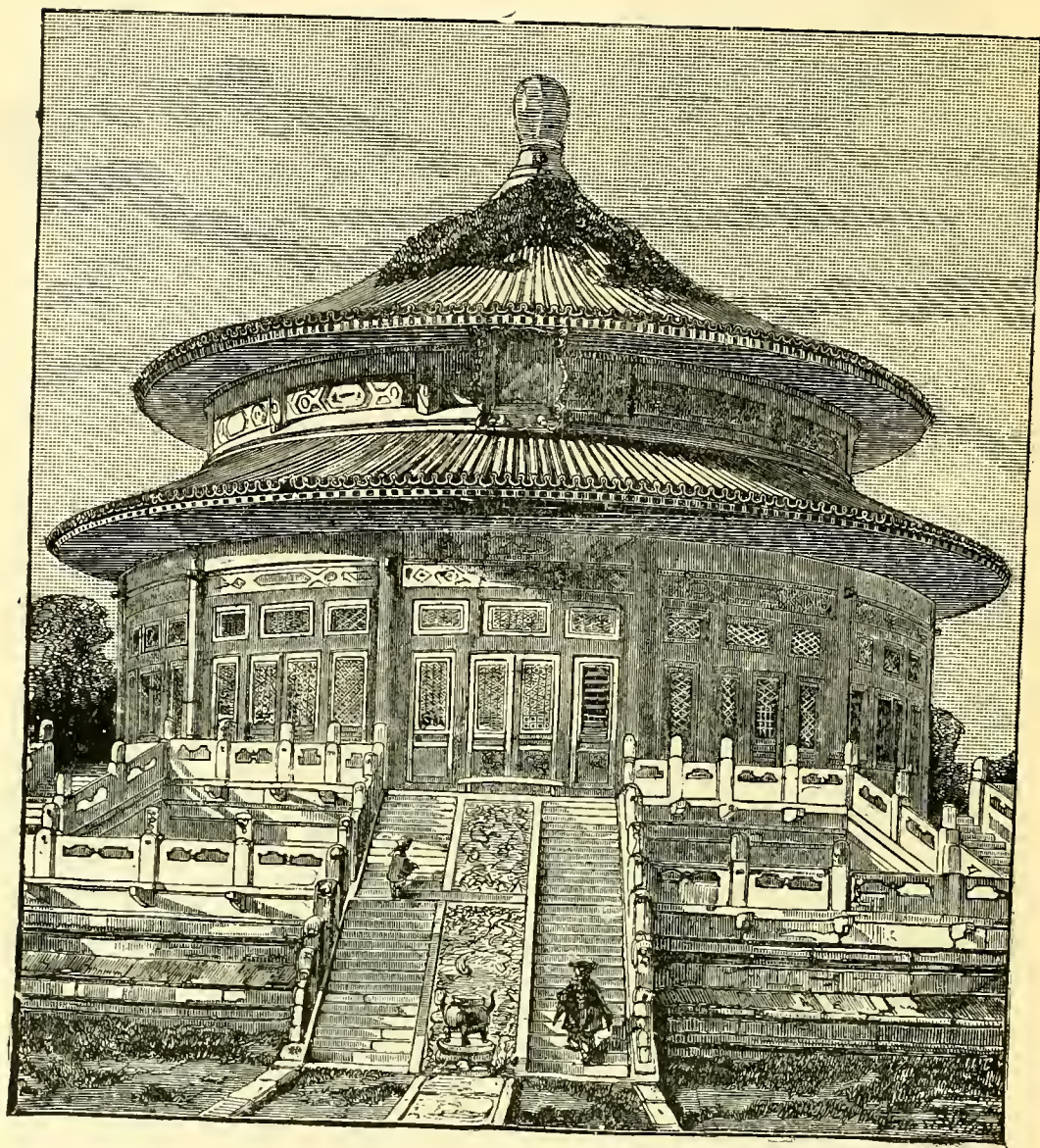
so common a characteristic of the Chinese at home that it is easy to understand the reluctance and the half-heartedness of the government in repressing it. As a consequence, the foreign colonists and missionaries are in great



ONE OF THE AMERICAN WAR VESSELS IN CHINA.

to explain with certainty. But it appears that a revolution of rather alarming dimensions has broken out, and that opposition to it on the part of the government is not very emphatic or successful. The revolt is against foreigners, and these, and the progressive element, and all foreign innovations are considered legitimate enemies. This tendency has been heretofore

peril, and even the ambassadors and ministers of the outside nations have no assurance of safety. Some of these nations, our own among the number, have despatched vessels of war and bodies of troops to the present scene of the trouble, which is in and near the northern capital of the empire, Peking. There has been some sanguinary fighting, and while the losses



A CHINESE TEMPLE.

among the civilized troops have been severe, they have generally been victorious. At this writing the fate of the foreign legations at Pekin is not known. It is certain that some of the ministers and missionaries have been slain under circumstances of the most revolting cruelty; whether any of them are still left alive is a question to which no one seems able to give a satisfactory answer.

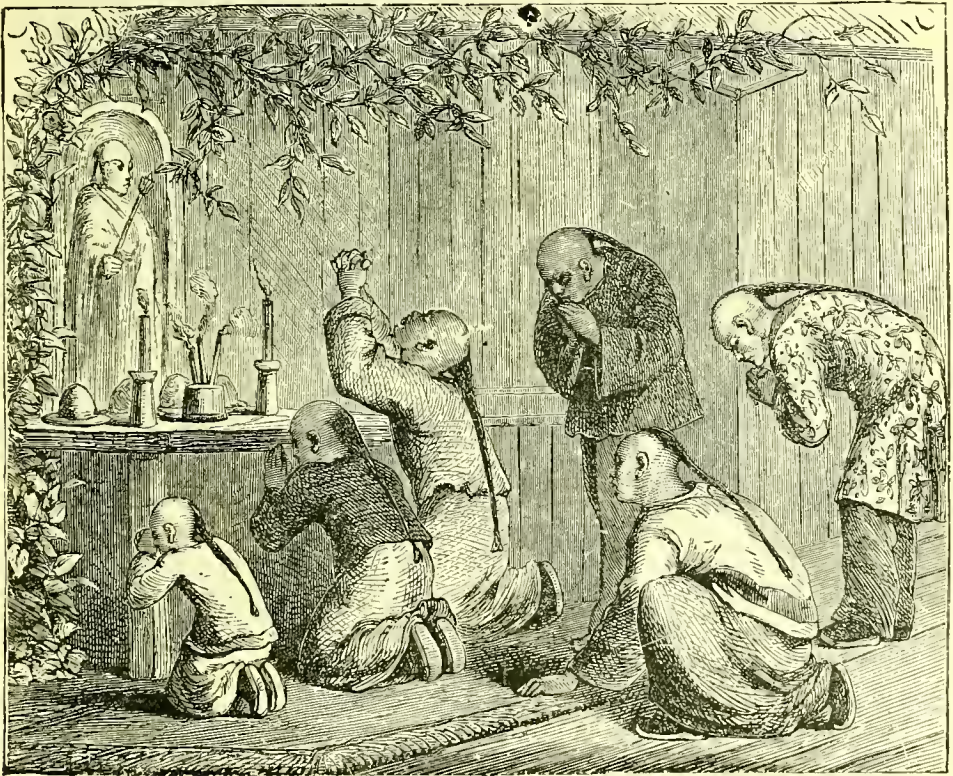
The revolution began among the «Boxers,»

the term being understood to include the young men who were trained in, and in attendance upon, the various athletic institutions. But this element is naturally a very small part of the insurrectionists. Even if they originated the movement, their ranks were soon swelled by the rabble which far outnumbered them, and which has made the outbreak more national than local in its character. The worst attributes of the people,

all their barbaric instincts, have been appealed to and brought into use, and, as already stated, the foreigners and those who sympathize with them have been deemed a common foe. The government forces have thus far shown little success in quelling the rebellion, if indeed they have seriously attempted it. It is more than likely that in all ranks except the most advanced the prevailing feeling is one of jealousy and hatred toward the foreigners.

As to the duty of the nations in such a case, and by way of explanation as to their sending troops and warships to the scene, a few words will suffice. It is not a question whether the missionaries are doing much good among the Chinese, or whether the nations represented by ambassadors would be as well off without such representation. Under treaties which have been made, and the laws of commercial intercourse which prevail, for-

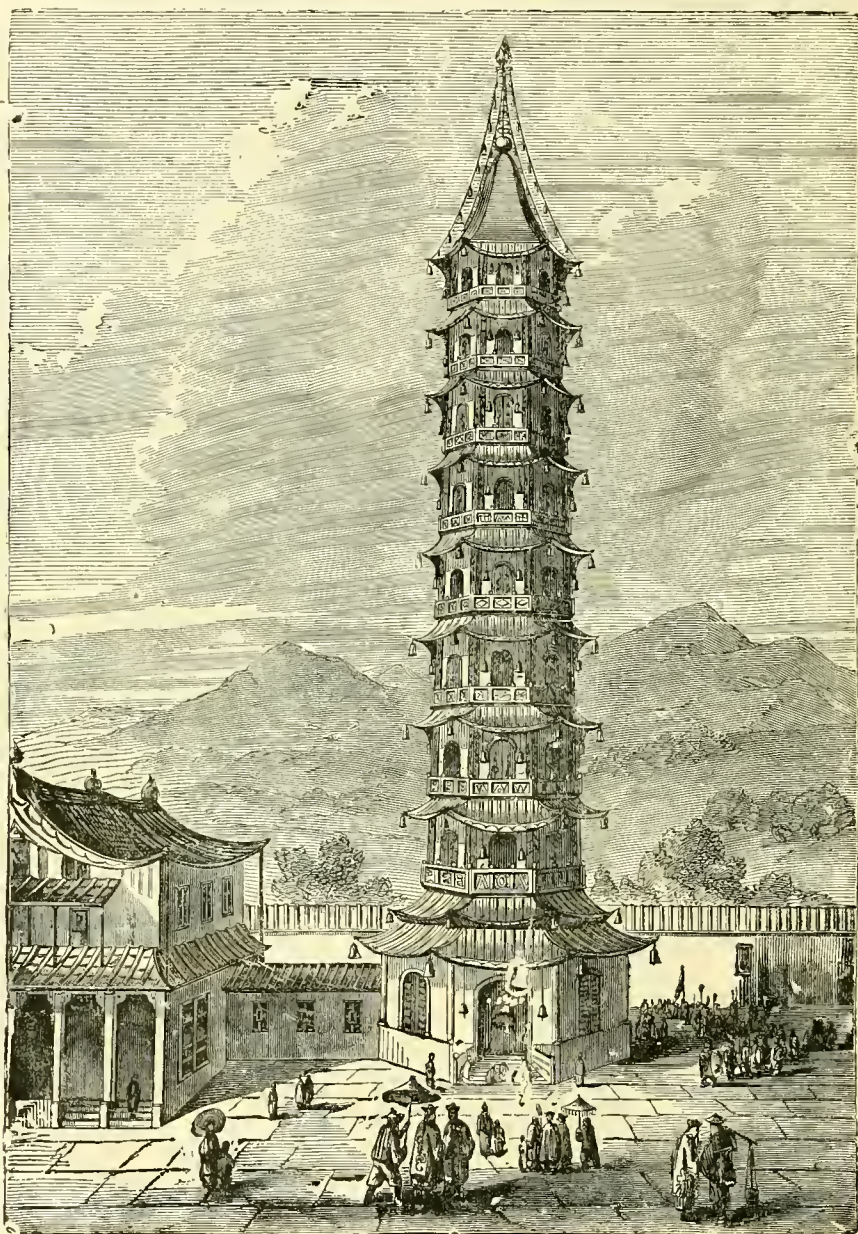
eigners have a right to be there, and representatives of the other nations are expected to be. Now, every nation is bound to protect its subjects in their rights in any part of the world. Especially is an insult to its official representatives regarded as an insult to the nation itself. In either case, injury or insult must be atoned for in the promptest and completest manner. If the government itself is the offender, there is at once a cause of war, and generally a declaration of war follows, or at least such a demonstration of armed force as brings a speedy apology and offer of satisfaction for the damages done. But the government is not excused even if it had no direct hand in the offenses complained of. Every government is supposed to be strong enough to enforce its own laws, and to overawe and punish those who violate them. If it is not, and mobs occasionally take matters into their own hands and violate the



CHINESE WORSHIP.

laws of nations and of humanity, the weakness of the government may be argued as its misfortune but cannot be accepted as an excuse. In such a case the government disclaims responsibility and expresses its regret for the occurrence, promises to punish

the offenders, and makes whatever reparation the offended nation requires. Strong as is the United States government, it has had to do this in two recent instances: one was when a New Orleans mob killed a number of Italians, being provoked thereto by the assassination



PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKIN.

of the chief of police of that city by members of an Italian secret society; and the other was when a mob in Wyoming took personal revenge for real or fancied wrongs against a lot of Chinese. So, whether or not the Chinese government is guilty of participation in or even connivance with the present anti-foreign outbreak, it will be held responsible; and



AN OLD-TIME MANDARIN.

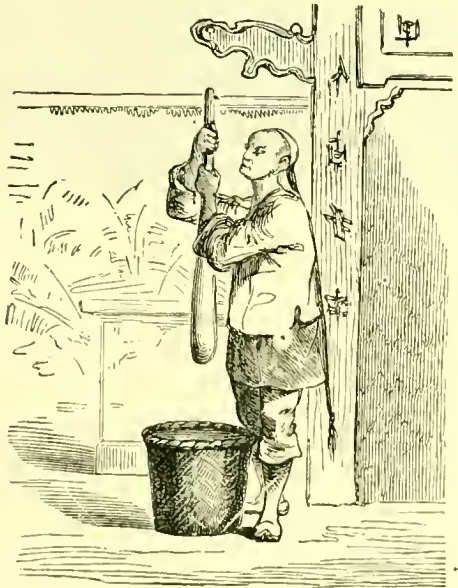
inasmuch as it seems unable to protect the foreigners, provided it has the desire to do so, the other nations are in duty bound to take such steps as they can to protect their citizens. This is why the United States, and Great Britain, and Germany, and Russia, and Japan, and perhaps others are operating together against the Chinese forces, and it ex-



THE TEA PLANT.

plains the meaning of the term «allies» as applied to the foreign troops.

China had a war only a few years since, and



PRESSING THE TEA LEAVES.

notwithstanding her immense superiority of numbers, she was whipped and brought to terms in the most approved and summary manner by Japan with less than one-tenth her population. That she really wants another tussle, especially with the nations now arrayed against her, seems almost incredible. But if she does, it is needless to say they will make short work of her when once the floodgates of war are opened. The chance for a great

worse and involve many other nations in a gigantic and dreadful war.

The acquaintance which we who live in this part of the country have with the Chinese is confined to those who operate laundries and vegetable gardens. They are industrious and save every cent possible. While they seldom come in conflict with the laws of the land, they are not a desirable class of population. They have no interest in their



A RIVER MERCHANT.

conflict of nations lies not so much in the movement against China as in the quarrel of the victors themselves over the bones when China is whipped. Russia and Japan are jealously watching each other, for both want some Chinese ports or territory; and if these two come to blows, others would almost certainly be drawn into the conflict. No one can tell now where the episode will end. It may blow over without much further trouble or bloodshed; or it may grow worse and

adopted country and would not make good citizens, even if citizenship were permitted to them, which it is not. The evils which are said to attend them when collected in large communities as in San Francisco and elsewhere, are not known to us living in the mountains, where the «little yellow men» are comparatively few in numbers. On the whole, they could probably be well spared if they chose to go back to China. As to their products, the main one that the average reader



DENTIST, DOCTOR, EXPRESS AND GENERAL UTILITY MAN.

knows of is tea, and surely the world would not be much of a sufferer if every pound of that were kept in China or dumped into the sea on the way over.

The columns of this journal have contained in earlier volumes many articles on this strange and interesting people and their customs. The pictures accompanying this sketch illus-

trate some of them. In conclusion it may be said that they cling stoutly to their idols and their barbarism, that they have small use for Christianity or civilization, and that they seem to think that whatever was good enough for their forefathers hundreds and thousands of years ago is good enough for them to-day.



MARCUS KING, MORMON.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was one of those sublime winter evening only seen in the clear atmosphere of the high western regions. The whole earth was white below and the sky above was deep blue, set with innumerable

twinkling diamond points. To the west the plain stretched like a vast sheet of purest white. To the east the mountains arose buried under their ermine covering. Every rocky crag, each deep hollow, was decked

and filled with snow until the otherwise rough surface was shining smooth.

The well-trodden snow creaked under their feet as Marcus and Janet walked arm in arm down the principal street of Hemla.

«What is this business of so much importance?» asked he.

«Well, they didn't tell me, of course,» she answered. «All I was to do was to bring you there and ask no questions.»

«Strange they couldn't manage for another day without getting after a fellow the day he gets home—I wanted to spend the evening with you, Janet.»

«Well,» she laughed, as she clung the closer to his arm, «am I not with you?»

«Yes, but—hello, what's this? Who's living in my house?»

«Let's go in and see.»

They paused in front of the house Marcus had left unfinished. He saw that it was now completed. A bright light gleamed from the windows and the smoke curled from the chimney. Janet led down the path and knocked on the door. When it was opened, there was a room full of people.

«Brothers and sisters,» said Janet, «let me introduce you to the Bishop of Hemla.»

Then what a scene there was! The crowd filled two large rooms, and around he must go and shake every one by the hand. Then there were welcomes, and questions, and words of jolly banter, until Marcus was fairly carried away by it all. Then when he had made the rounds, Janet was again at his side. The older members of the company each took a candle and marched two by two into the third room. In the center was a long table spread with food. As they filed in and seated themselves on the benches on each side, the candles were placed in wooden blocks with holes in. Marcus and Janet sat at the head of the table. A blessing was asked, and then one of Marcus' counselors made a speech of welcome, to which Marcus replied in a few words.

Then the eating began, and right merrily

it went on for a time. Suddenly in the midst of the confusion, somebody pounded on the table for order, and Brother Woods arose.

«I want to speak in this meetin',» he began, «'cause Brother Johnson didn't tell it all. I reckon Brother King ought'er know why we have took such liberties with his house, an' I want ter tell him.» [*That's right. Go ahead.*»]

«Well, yer see, when a man's on a mission his affairs at home kinder stop, an' when he gits back he has to begin all over again. I've seen it lots o' times.» [*Hear, hear. So have I.*»]

«So, thinks I, Brother King'll need a house when he comes home to put his wife in, 'cause then o' course he'll take fur good Brother Brigham's advice. [*Loud applause.*] Well, an' right now I must make a confession. All you folks thought I had orders from Brother King to go ahead with the house, but I didn't; I done it on my own hook. [*Oh, oh.*»] Yes, I could see that Bishop didn't know nothing about buildin' log houses, an' that the way he was doin' it would spile a lot o' good logs, so while all his beautiful plans and drawings on paper was locked up in his box, I went to work an' finished this house 'cording to my notion.» [*Tremendous applause and laughter.*]

«An' folks,» with a wave of his hand, «I tell ye, with the 'ception of the meetin'house, it's the finest in the town. It has all the latest improvements an'—»

His speech, which was the longest he had ever been known to make, was interrupted by a burst of song from the other rooms, and Brother Wood had to sit down.

So the evening passed, and at its close Marcus again thanked them all, and especially Brother Wood. Marcus and Janet stood by the door and shook each one by the hand as they went home. John and Eliza were the last.

«You folks go on home,» said John to Marcus. «We'll see to the house.»

And Marcus wrapped Janet's cloak about

her with a tender touch, and they walked home in the starlight.

The next afternoon it snowed. Marcus went over to Janet's. She was alone. The grate was full of a warm fire. The little room looked very much the same as it did three years ago. And Janet, she must have expected company. She did not wear her working dress, surely, and there was just a tiny wave in her hair.

«Janet,» said Marcus, «I believe you have grown. You look taller.»

«You must be mistaken; but I have had fine health. Haven't been sick a day. Perhaps that accounts for it.»

«You certainly look well, and Janet, you have grown *so* beautiful!»

«O, shame, Marcus, to tell such stories!»

He sat down by the blazing hearth, placed a chair near him and motioned Janet to take it. Then they sat for some time looking into the fire.

«You got my letters that I wrote after leaving Hungerton?»

«Yes.»

«Would you like to see a picture of Alice?» He took it from his pocket and handed it to her.

«It agrees with my mental picture. I thought she looked like that.»

Then they talked for some time about his experiences, and the affairs at home.

«Who was that man Alice was about to marry?» asked Janet.

«Didn't I tell you his name? Let me see. I've nearly forgotten it. Oh, yes, it was Carlton, George Carlton, I believe.»

«Why, Marcus, that was the name of my—but no, it couldn't be the same man.»

«He was a tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired man. I saw him only once—in the church.»

«It must have been. I heard he had gone in the direction of Hungerton, but, but—how strange! The man to whom I was once engaged answered to the same name and description.»

«That is strange. Could it have been the same fellow?»

«But that's all in the past, and I don't like to talk about it,» said she.

«Then we won't.»

«Tell me more of Alice.» She looked again at the photograph. He drew a ring from his pocket, took her hand and tried it on her finger.

«Does it fit?» he asked.

«Exactly.»

«That was Alice's ring.»

«And do you want me to wear it?»

«Alice sent it to you. One of her last requests was that I give you the ring with her love and blessing.»

«Thank you. Poor, dear Alice! I will wear it always.»

«She got your letter as I told you, and pondered long over it; but she died with full faith in the Gospel and a fair understanding of its principles. When we go to the Endowment House we must do her work for her.»

«Yes, certainly. I have thought of the same.»

Then the door softly opened and someone stole in and placed one hand over each of their eyes.

«Guess, who it is.»

«Mother,» exclaimed both at once.

«Then don't sit the fire out,» said Sister Harmon.

* * * * *

A bright, sunshiny, winter morning Marcus and Janet drove to town in the sleigh, and spent the day in the Endowment House. There were in reality two marriage ceremonies performed and Marcus King got two wives in one day. True, one of them was in the spirit world, but there was no inconsistency in that ordinance to one who believes that this life is but a span in the eternities of existence. Janet insisted that Alice should be first, so she stood in her place, and did a true sister's part for the departed one; and afterwards, when it came to her turn, she was repaid for it all by the

double blessing she received. "Her joy was full"—more words would add nothing to the meaning of that expression.

* * * * *

And now, dear reader, if you have been patient with me this far I must tell you a secret—a secret that I have been tempted more than once to betray, but which, I think, I have kept pretty well until now—and that is that I, Marcus King, have personally written the pages of this little history. I began this writing with no other idea than to keep the narrative in the third person until the end, but as I progressed I saw that if I did so one of the chief results to be attained by my story would not be realized.

Let me explain. Shortly after I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints many of my former friends began to talk disparagingly of me. Some criticised me severely, calling me a turn-coat, a deserter to my father's cause, and so forth. Some of my readers may remember how many of the leading religious papers of the East railed against me. At the time I paid no attention to it. Lately I received a clipping from an eastern paper purporting to be an account of my career. Who could have invented such stuff, I cannot conceive. At the same time I have received a number of letters inquiring about me. Seemingly many people are interested in me and my doings, and it occurred to me to write out somewhat of my story and print it. Now if any of my eastern friends care a twenty-five cent piece to know the true state of affairs, I shall be pleased to mail each of them a copy of my book.

So much for preface, sandwiched in here at the wrong end.

But just a word to my unbelieving friends:

Someone has said that the glory of life is its fullness. I believe that. Had I remained with you in the world, I should, no doubt, have had a much easier time. I could have lived and died in Hungerton respected by you all. I could have gone my daily rounds from

my library to the church, wanting nothing to make life one smooth, pleasant journey—if God had not shown me the little pond in which I was playing, the frail boat in which I was sailing, and then the mighty, boundless ocean beyond the horizon of my limited vision. I say with that little "if," I could have been with you yet, but what would have entered into my life to develop it, to give it a rounded fullness! Dear friends, believe me, this life is a reality. It is meant to be something. We are here to do and not merely to say, to act and not merely to believe. To be good and true is not to draw a long face, to be religious is not to be stupid; but I have already expressed myself on that point to one of your members, as I have recorded in a previous chapter.

Again, some of you have impugned my motives. My only answer to that is in my story.

And now, to all interested, (and I hope my story has been of interest to my brethren and sisters also) I am writing these last pages some years after the close of the events narrated in the former part of this chapter; and as I look back on those few intervening years I will tell you what I know of my (and I hope our) friends who have figured thus far in my story.

First I must tell you that I have built an addition to my house. It is of brick and a story and a half high. I write these lines by the open upper window looking out westward toward the lake. It was a hard blow to Brother Wood to think that his house wasn't good enough for me, and I had to explain to him that a Bishop needed much room to entertain all his visitors. We have no children yet, and I could not use the argument of a growing family. I shall not tear down the log house until after Brother Wood dies.

I have corresponded regularly with Alice's parents, and whenever missionaries have visited them they have been kindly treated. It was just last month that I received the news of their baptism. Old as they are,

they would not wait longer, and now they are anxious to come to Utah; but I have told them not to attempt the journey yet. The railroad will soon be finished and then they can come much easier. And so they are waiting.

Henry Sanford was the same staunch friend to the Elders, but did not join the Church. None gave them a warmer welcome nor defended them more from persecution than he; but when the war broke out he joined the army, and in that long, hard struggle which has just closed, he must have met his death. I have not heard from him since.

Certainly strange things happened. Last week I re-baptized Robert James. He now lives here in Hemla, and is one of the best workers in the ward. He wandered about the country for years, but he acknowledges to me, he could not escape from Mormonism. So he gave it up, humbled himself and came back. He is very quiet and unassuming, but everybody knows that I am one of his converts. So they respect him, and he is the happiest man in the settlement.

Mother Harmon died a year ago.

John Dixon is a prosperous farmer. His barns and granaries are growing. They need to: his family is in the same condition.

Hemla is prosperous. The people give the credit to the Bishop, but the Bishop gives it to his wife, and his wife to the Lord.

Just a word about the meetinghouse. The people finished it according to my plans, and even exceeded them in elegance. The trees are now quite large and the ivy is creeping up the walls and over the roof. None can estimate the refining influence that house has had on our people, and especially the younger portion. I can see a vast difference between our young folks and some I know in the neighboring settlements.

And that Mr. Carlton—

«Never mind that Mr. Carlton.»

It was Janet. She had been looking over my shoulder, and if there is anything that bothers me, it is that. I might have been

vexed with her but she now leaned over so far that her cheek touched mine.

«Well, I'll not say anything about him then;» I said.

«No; don't.»

«Then I guess I'd better write the end.»

«No, not yet. I think you'll have to either make a change in a back page or an explanation now.»

«What do you mean?»

Janet picked up a sheet of the manuscript and read, «I Marcus King have personally written the pages of this history.»

«That's wrong, because I wrote some of it.»

I stared at her, not knowing what she meant. Then she looked over my pile of papers and picked out some sheets of an earlier chapter from which she read that Marcus King was thought of as having «high ideals,» «nobility of character,» and so forth. I took the sheets from her, and there sure enough was her handwriting for a page or more; and she had connected the thought so nicely.

«Well,» said I, «it would have been foolish for Marcus King to have said that about himself.»

«But it is true,» said my wife, «and with your explanation it may stand.»

I put the leaves back in their place. Janet came around, pushed the table away from me and sat down on my knee.

«Look at that beautiful sunset,» she said.

We do have grand sunsets at Hemla. I can not conceive of any finer one even in Italian skies. There was a bank of heavy pearl-white clouds in the west, which formed themselves into great domes, and high mountains with fathomless chasms between. Then the edges of the upper layers were tinged with pink which grew to a shining, golden red. As the sun sank lower, and its rays got under the cloudland, mountains and domes turned into a brilliant, burning red, and then it seemed that there was another

world out in space being consumed with fire. The crimson sun dropped down behind the mountain, yet the sky was all ablaze.

«What do you think about it, Janet?»

«It is grand, it is grand; I think it is a faint reflection from the glory of God.»

Nephi Anderson.

THE END.



PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

EITHER the present incumbent of the presidency, William McKinley, or the man who four years ago contended with him for the mastery, William J. Bryan, will be the next President of the United States unless death or something else utterly unthought of at present should intervene. There are several tickets in the field, but there is perfect safety in narrowing the contest down to these two, because the combined votes which all the others will receive will not amount to a respectable fraction of that which will be given to either of the two named. Not that the vote spoken of is of necessity decisive, or even a decisive factor, but it is the foundation of the fabric, the entity without which the other would have no existence, and thereby depends a subject which all of our readers are not thoroughly conversant with and which must be a matter of more or less interest to all.

In framing the Constitution of the United States the men who had that great duty to perform undoubtedly builded better than they knew in places and not quite so well in others. The design was to frame a national structure of solid but separate substances, as is the case with any other structure, not so firm and inelastic as to admit of no improvements when needed nor yet so loose as to be unstable and insecure. It was intended that the people's will should be everywhere and

all the time apparent, but because of the people being a variegated and uncertain quantity when considered as a mass, it was prudently arranged that their desires and purposes in their aggregate capacity should prevail; that is, the Nation should be a republic, a representative government with ample safeguards, restrictions and outlets, not a democracy wherein the control by individual action would have precipitated and multiplied strifes, jealousies and uprisings among the people themselves and produced a lack of compactness and coherence which must have meant eventually if not at once the utter absence of government of any kind. The question of whether too much liberty is worse than not enough was undoubtedly considered by the forefathers, and middle ground decided on, but it will not be treated here, where the design is rather to give the results than an analysis of their work.

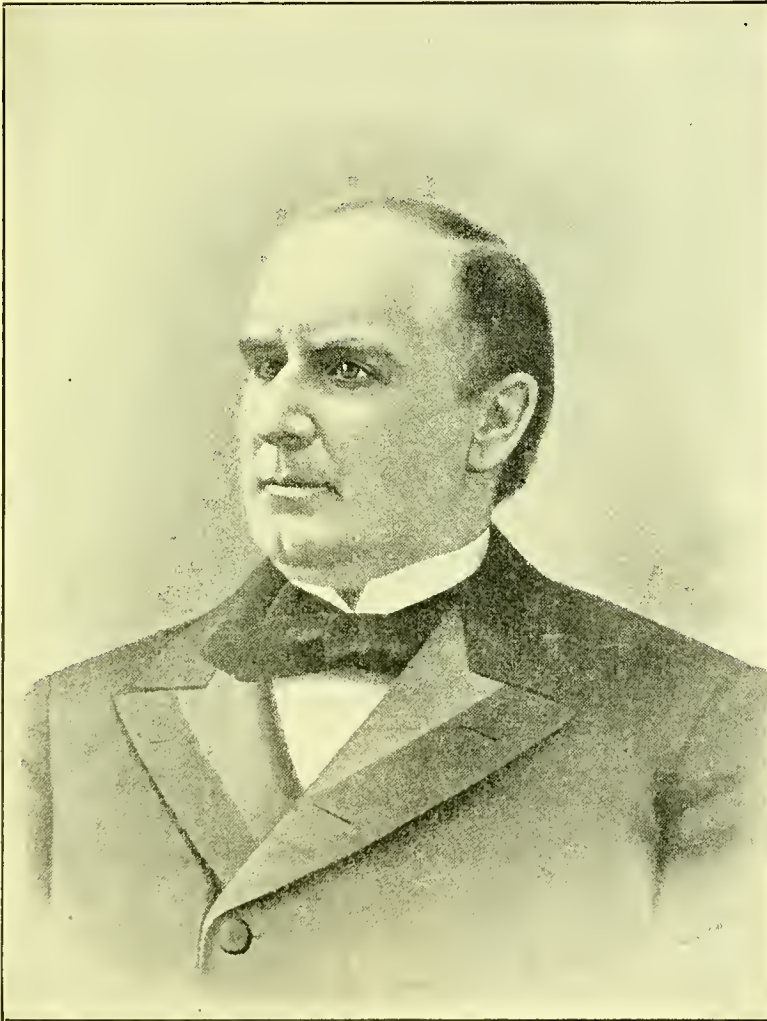
The form of government being arranged and the different stations necessary to the carrying forward of the general plan being provided for, the next thing to consider was the means by which such stations should be filled, and in considering this branch of the subject we propose to go no further than the first and foremost of the offices—president and vice-president. To remove such exalted stations from anything in

the nature of a general scramble and make their incumbency the result of sober consideration, it was deemed advisable to have an intermediary electoral body, chosen by the voters in their proper persons and yet removed from the voters and acting at a time remote from such body's own choice, to make the selection, the members of the body to be known as electors, and the assemblage of these in their aggregate capacity to be called the electoral college. To each State was apportioned a number of

electors equal to its representation in Congress. It was undoubtedly contemplated that these electors would be men of high character, superior intelligence and unimpeachable integrity, measurably free from factional prejudices and having the welfare of the Nation at large rather than the furtherance of any political schemes at heart. It was provided that, in the meeting of the electoral college for that purpose, the man who received the highest vote for president (if the same were a majority) should be

president and the one receiving the next highest vote should be vice-president, a provision which partially supports the foregoing deduction. It should be remembered that there were no political parties in the beginning, as we know of such organizations now, consequently no conventions and no electors chosen under a command (which they may lawfully but never dare to disobey) to vote for particular persons previously selected.

All this is changed. Not even the spirit of the original provision remains. The routine of the electoral college is arranged for it

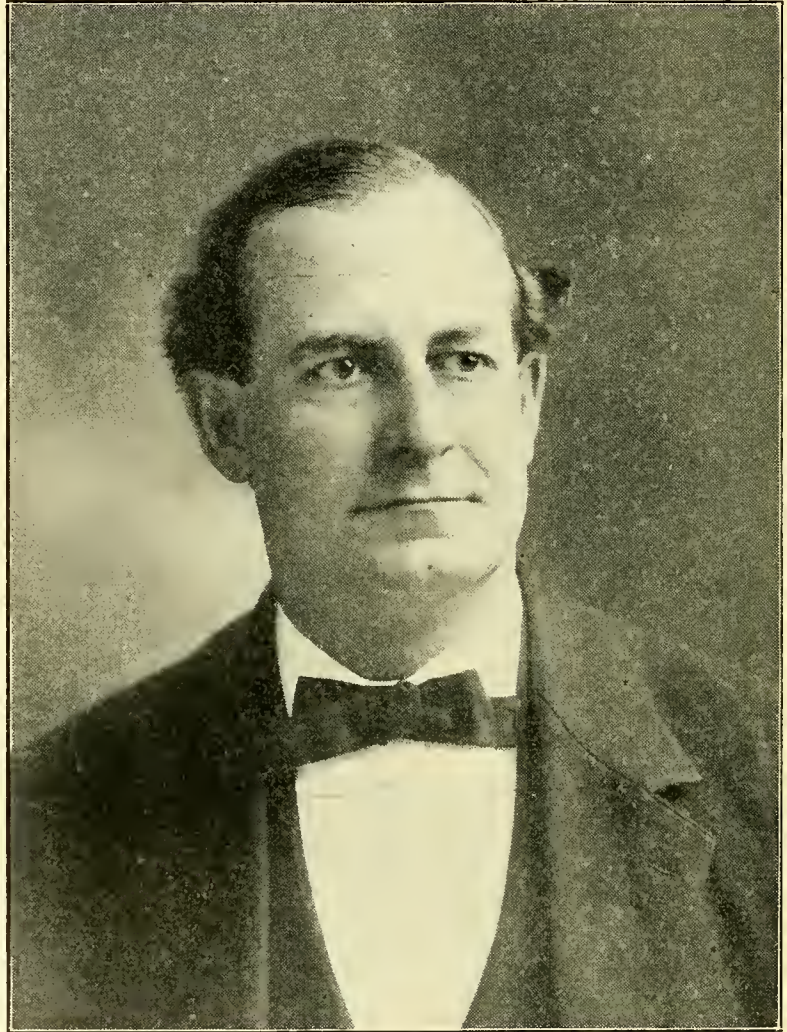


WILLIAM M'KINLEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

by the different parties, each of which makes its separate nominations for electors in every State, and these electors are bound by an unwritten code, as previously suggested, in the event of their own choice, to vote for those candidates for president and vice-president who have previously or may be subsequently named at the party's national convention. The letter of the Constitution has also been changed by an amendment (Article XII of Amendments), by means of which the party system has taken firmer hold. It does not by any means follow that because of the changed plan the will of the people is made less conspicuous or potent, or that men who are of an inferior order of patriotism, integrity or intelligence are chosen as electors; quite the reverse. That they are bound by an obligation argues nothing against the system, because a majority or at least a preponderance of the people of the States from which the chosen electors come have so decreed; so that the foundation and ultimate work of the question, so far as the electors go, is quite as much in the hands of the individual voters as former-

ly, only now we have more system, more method and less uncertainty.

It is quite an interesting subject, and no previous contest for the presidency has been more interesting than will be the one now fairly begun, in which the subjects of our pictures are the chosen chieftains of the two great parties. The reader who is interested will gain much information in the way of unfoldings illustrated in a practical way of the theme above discussed, by keeping pace with events relating to the great campaign as



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

they are recorded and disseminated. Yet they read in the partisan press on either side.
 we warn them that they need not believe all S. A. K.



DAGMAR DAHL.

THE sky cloudless, with no moon. An ideal midsummer night for a garden party. Mr. Dahl's garden (Mr. Dahl is a prosperous merchant in one of the comfortable villages of Denmark) presented an animated scene, the occasion being the twenty-first birthday of Dagmar, the only daughter of the house. A dancing floor had been laid in the well-kept garden, the whole premises being lit with many colored lanterns; and music is never lacking, as one of Mr. Dahl's sons leads an orchestra.

A big crowd is present—everybody seemingly happy—some dancing, some strolling in the well-kept garden, and others being in the house partaking of refreshments. Of all the gay people present, none seemed happier, or looked more beautiful, than the fair Dagmar. Rather tall and slender, but well rounded in face and figure, with brown eyes and brown, wavy hair, she was always attractive, but never did she look lovelier than to-night in her elegant pink ball dress. Flitting in and out, inquiring after everybody's wants, and dancing with the young men, who all seemed to claim her for a dance, she at last gets a chance to sit down; fanning herself while watching the dancers, and thankful for a minute's rest. A tall, handsome, light-complexioned young man advances toward her and asks her for a dance.

«O, Valdemar! please excuse me. I believe I've danced too much now. Come, let's go in the house and have some refreshments.

I feel that I should like a lemonade or something. I think you must need something, too, for you've danced as much if not more than I have.»

«It's too close in the house,» he answered, as he offered his arm; and as they went out together, he said: «Let's go and sit down under the trees for a while—it's more pleasant.»

As he led her to a seat at the farther end of the garden she exclaimed: «No, let's not sit away over here. It's nearly dark. I want to be where I can hear and see everybody.»

«I want to speak to you, Dagmar,» he said, as he drew her down on the seat beside him.

«I wish you had spoken over yonder then,» she said rather pettishly.

«Dagmar, dear girl, please listen to me,» he pleaded, as he held her. «Can you not feel how I tremble and how my heart thumps within me, nearly choking me? I must speak now or never. I love you, love you! My body and soul are yours! Be mine, my own little wife!»

«Valdemar loves me,» she thought; «how sweet! how lovely!» For a minute she forgot everything but the happiness of her heart.

Then she sprang to her feet suddenly.

«O Valdemar, I cannot! I—I love you, but cannot be your wife—not now.»

«You love me, yet cannot be my wife? Darling, speak! Have I not wealth? Is

your father going to prevent, or are you going to marry someone with more money than I have?"

"Valdemar Steffensen, please do not misjudge me. Promise not to interrupt and I will try and state my reasons;" and as he assented, she continued:

"I think I have loved you as truly as woman can love man, and I know father would be much pleased if I became your wife. You have led me to look for this moment; I have longed for it; and again, of late, I have dreaded it; and if you had not spoken tonight, I do not believe you ever would have declared your love for me, for I see a path marked out before me which I know is the straight and narrow one. This, I expect, is my last night of this world's gayety. Six months ago I went to the first Mormon meeting that I ever attended---"

"Mormon meeting!" the young man exclaimed, jumping up.

"You promised not to interrupt."

"Go on!"

"I went without my father's consent; I feared to ask him. I was so impressed at that meeting that I induced mother to attend the next meeting with me. The next time we induced my brother Adolf to accompany us, giving some pretext for absenting ourselves from home. Busy tongues, however, soon told father about our going to Mormon meetings, and it was stopped. But one night, a while after, I stole away and attended one more meeting and also bought some books that mother and I have been reading. Both of us are thoroughly convinced of the truth of what we have read. And now, Valdemar, I know, and I testify to you, that what it pleases the world to call Mormonism is of God and that the despised people called Mormons are the Lord's own acknowledged people. O, how I have prayed for strength for this moment, that I might bear to you this testimony. Do not, oh, please do not, mention the old lies about that people. As for father, yes, I do love

him, love him very dearly, but if I cannot get his consent, I must go without. I am twenty-one years old today, and he cannot prevent me now from receiving baptism by the authorized servants of the Lord. Valdemar, humble yourself before your Maker ask Him for light! If you cannot take the path I have chosen, I never can become your wife. Remember what the Savior promised those who would be willing to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, house and home for His name's sake!"

The young man pleaded, he raved, yes, he even cursed; but Dagmar was unyielding, and he left her in anger.

* * * * *

A little over a year has passed, a time of trials for mother and daughter. Dagmar had been baptized without the consent of her father, upon which he turned her out, declaring she should never set foot in the house again. After awhile he softened somewhat and allowed her to return, which she did, only for the sake of her mother, as the girl suspected her father only allowed her to come back in the hope of turning her from the faith she had espoused. One year ago she was a light-hearted girl; now she looks a thoughtful woman. Not a day passes but what she has to suffer for her belief. Her former friends and associates, who always sought her company before, now shun her like some evil being. Her father and brothers continually upbraid her for the disgrace she has brought upon the family; her mother is the only person to encourage her in the course she has taken. (Mrs. Dahl being as strong in the faith as her daughter, though her husband prevented her from receiving baptism).

But as peace, as it seemed, had fled from the home, the good Spirit suggested to the troubled women that the best thing to do was for Dagmar to go to Zion, which proposition the other members of the family encouraged to some extent, in the hope, perhaps, as they expressed themselves sometimes, that when

she should get to the center of Mormonism, she would realize her folly and be glad to come back; or perhaps they merely wanted to get rid of her, so as not to have the continued disgrace of a real live Mormon in the house.

Acting upon the suggestion, Mrs. Dahl had written to a family by the name of Solomonsen, with whom she had been acquainted, they having emigrated some years previous. Telling of the circumstances they were placed in, Mrs. Dahl had asked if her daughter might come and make her home with them for awhile, until she should become a little acquainted. In answer to this letter they had received the kindest invitation. Sister Solomonsen said, "My dear Sister Dahl, for such you are in very deed, whether you have been baptized or not, I know if you are patient and trust in God, He will open the way for you in His due time. Be sure I remember your kindness in the past, when I was very poor; and I am glad of a chance to do something for you." The good lady then told that they had just moved out, the year before, to a new part of the country to get some land, and only had a small house; but there was plenty of room for Dagmar, who she hoped would stay with them until she mastered the English language, which, she wrote, her boys could teach her.

And now we find Sister Dagmar in the solitude of her own room, dressed and ready for the journey to Zion. As might be inferred, she had slept but little through the night and had risen as early as daylight. Her brother Adolf, who had always shown her some degree of sympathy, was going to take her to the railway station at 8 o'clock, so she had ample time for reflection. She looked around in the room she so long had called her own; and which she now expected to leave forever. She gazed upon her chosen pictures, taking in everything—her stand, her bed, her—"O, my little birdie! Will they care for you when I am gone?" Then with quivering lips her eyes rested on the neat

writing desk which her father had presented her some three years before. "Father, father!" she exclaimed, tears streaming down her cheeks, "verily the words of our Savior come true! Why cannot we see alike and go together? I could then leave all these things happy!" She went to the window, looked down the garden path at the flowers she had attended and loved to care for; through the field, at the grove beyond, where she had roamed so often a happy girl. Peace brooded yet over the landscape. Everything looked so green, so dewy and fresh.

"Why, why did Valdemar come last night?" she mused to herself, "when he had not spoken to me since that night a year ago, when he left me so angry? And why would he not come to see me off this morning? Is he ashamed to let people see he cares for a Mormon girl? Why did he not let me go in peace? I had almost begun to think that I had never cared for him, but—" and a faint smile played on her lips.

Presently her mother entered the room. Falling on the neck of each other, they had a good cry.

"Dagmar, what did Valdemar want last night?" her mother asked, after getting composed somewhat.

"That's what I wanted to tell you, mother! He pleaded for me not to leave him. But thanks to my prayers as well as your own; and the goodness of the Lord, I was firm. When he found me thus, he said he would come to Utah next spring and embrace the Gospel. On that condition I promised I would marry him."

"He will be here this morning, I presume?"

"No, he said goodbye last night."

"A fine lover!" the mother remarked rather sharply. "He's ashamed of you! I wish you had made no promise, for I fear you are doomed to disappointment. What does he care for the Gospel?"

"O, mother, let me carry the hope with me!"

Seeing her daughter's sad face Mrs. Dahl

regretted her hasty words, and embraced the girl tenderly.

They then knelt in prayer together, dedicating themselves to the Lord's care. The good Spirit whispered peace to their hearts. They felt that the kind Father in heaven would remember them in His mercy.

Entering the dining room, the family all sat down to eat breakfast, or rather pretended to. Scarcely a word was spoken. The brothers had all loved their only sister tenderly, and the father, though always rough, and at times stern in ways and manners, had felt proud of his accomplished daughter.

The parting scene we will pass by. The father broke down at the last moment. His parting words to Dagmar were: "Daughter, I shall never more in this life see you."

* * * * *

One month later we find Dagmar in Utah. She had spent a few days in the city of Copenhagen after leaving home, and had made the acquaintance of other emigrating Saints who had proven true friends, and of great comfort on the journey over land and sea. On reaching Ogden, however, they all went south, she continuing on north to the little railway station where Brother and Sister Solomonsen met her. They received her most kindly and took her the distance to their humble home the same evening, though very late. Here she met the remainder of the family, consisting of four half-grown, awkward boys, whose fortune had not been to be raised in the degree of luxury that Dagmar had.

Soon the good lady was bustling around getting supper, meanwhile asking Dagmar hundreds of trifling questions concerning mutual acquaintances, as well as showing the bed that she herself had prepared for the new arrival in her own bedroom. There were only two rooms in the house, and the boys all slept in the kitchen. A lump rose in Dagmar's throat. She thought of her own dear refined mother; and how she

wished she could have been alone for just a few minutes!

"Sister Solomonsen," Dagmar asked, after supper, "has no letter come for me? The folks all said they would write so there could be letters waiting on my arrival here."

"I don't believe we have been to the post office for over a week. We'll let one of the boys run over in the morning," Sister Solomonsen answered.

Soon all bowed together before the throne of grace. As Brother Solomonsen besought the Almighty for His continued mercies, and asked the Lord especially to comfort and bless the brave girl who had left all for the Gospel's sake, Dagmar chided herself for having noticed their simplicity; she felt one with them in the Lord, and felt she had the same purpose in view.

How she cried when she got in bed; how she longed for the folks at home! And oh, how she prayed in her heart for the strength she felt so much in need of!

At last she fell asleep, dreaming of home. When she awoke it was broad daylight. Glancing about she saw it was ten o'clock; she also saw three letters on the little stand. Dressing herself quickly, she found the letters to be all for herself. One from home, one from Brother Benson (the missionary who had baptized her) and one from Valdemar. How her heart-beat quickened at this last! "I thought you would not forget your little girl," she murmured to herself.

"I've had breakfast waiting for you for over two hours," Sister Solomonsen announced as she opened the door. "I guess it's nearly all dried up by this time. The men are in the field long ago, except Carl, and he just brought these letters for you."

"My dear Sister Solomonsen," she answered, as she kissed her, "you are so good to me! Here you have all been careful to not wake me; but please wait just a few minutes longer. I want to run out and read my letters first. I know I shall have a good cry over them, and I want to be all alone."

«Stop a minute,» Sister Solomonsen said; «dear, take my bonnet; it is very hot out of doors.»

«Never mind, I'll hunt me a shady place.»

«My dear child, you won't find many trees around here; those we set out last year all died this summer, the water getting on them too late.»

Sure enough, as Dagmar got outside the sun did feel very hot. The ground looked dry, and was very dusty; the brush looked so very dreary all around her. Looking in vain for a tree, she took the shady side of a grain stack, beyond the corral.

Tearing open the letter from her lover, she read its brief contents, then crushed it in her hands and threw herself on her face.

«O, Lord, hast Thou forsaken me!» she finally exclaimed. Then at the thought of Valdemar: «You cruel, selfish man! Come back, you say! No, never! Your mother would disinherit you, if you came? Coward you are!» Then as she recalled how she had told herself over and over the night before that she would be content to live in a little log cabin like Sister Solomonsen if only Valdemar would come and be with her, she wept bitterly. «Why would he cause me this last disappointment? Why did he not let me go in peace?»

When she grew calmer, she raised up and glanced about her. Hills, hills, hills everywhere—gray, desolate-looking hills, glaring in the hot sunshine. Here and there among knolls could be seen a patch of stubble land. A few scattered log houses with dirt roofs were also noticed. But nothing green, nothing invitingly restful.

«O, Lord,» she again exclaimed, «am I deluded? Is this the Zion that we sang about? The wilderness that blossoms as the rose? Oh, mother, how can I live here forsaken and alone!» And she sobbed bitterly and it seemed very dark to her.

«My blessed child,» said Sister Solomonsen as she came around the stack, and, clasping the girl in her arms, cried with her, and tried to comfort her in every way.

«And what does your dear mother say in her letter?» the elder woman finally asked.

«O,—well I forget; I'll read it to you now.»

As she opened and read the comforting words of her mother, she was once more something like herself. The good mother all through told her to be true to God at any cost. Referring to Valdemar, she besought the daughter not to set her heart on him, as she felt he never would tear himself away from his riches. Her brother Adolf had also written, breathing nothing but love.

Next she read Brother Benson's letter. From the inspired words of that servant of God, what comfort she derived! He too had made sacrifices. He had proven the words of the Lord true: and he had been amply rewarded.

«Sister Solomonsen, I will try to put my trust in God; but how dreary it looks all around! Is it this way all over Utah?»

«Come with me, dear,» and as the elder woman led the girl toward the house she pointed eastward and said, «Look yonder.»

«Oh, what a pretty picture!» Dagmar could not help saying, lover of the beautiful as she was. Between two pine-covered lofty mountains nestled a little city, its houses almost hidden from view among the trees.

«That is not Salt Lake, is it?» Dagmar ventured.

«No, we have hundreds of such places in Utah.»

«Sister Solomonsen, you are so good and kind, but I feel as though I must go to some city, some place not so secluded. How can you stand it here?»

«Stand it? I like this place. We've only been here two summers. We'll soon be independent and do well. My dear husband does not have to toil for others any more as he has had to do all his life heretofore. More settlers are coming here all the time. This fall we are going to build a schoolhouse, and in a few years, when you are married and come to visit here with your husband, you'll find a fine place here.»

«I shall never marry,» the girl answered.

The good old lady smiled.

Two weeks later Dagmar was on her road to Salt Lake City, with recommendations from Sister Solomonsen to a Scandinavian family residing in that city.

* * * * *

It is now ten years since our first introduction to Dagmar. We find ourselves in one of the progressive country towns of Utah. Of all the comfortable houses in town, none looks more inviting than that of Alma Rosenfeldt. It nestles among trees, surrounded by a well-kept lawn and flowers. Within happiness reigns supreme. Quite a company is assembled in the spacious sitting room, the occasion being the arrival of Grandma Dahl and Uncle Herman from Denmark. Grandma Dahl? Yes! Alma Rosenfeldt's home is Dagmar's home. She is a wife and mother in Israel. She knows the worth of the Gospel, and her aim and ambition are to instill the principles thereof in the hearts of her children. Always happy in the society of loving husband and children, her joy is supreme today at the reunion with her beloved mother—for whom she is so amply able to provide a comfortable home—and also at beholding once more her baby brother who is almost a young man now. Now and then a tinge of sadness comes to her mind, though, as she thinks of her father and two older brothers. The father had met with an accident, which, after some weeks of suffering, had ended his life. Her ever kind and loving brother Adolf the Lord had also seen fit to take from this sphere of action, though it gave Dagmar joy to think he had received baptism before he died. Her brother Henry had remained behind, after doing all in his power to hinder the mother, when he found she was really determined to emigrate.

As for the thankful hearts in that room, what reflections passed through their minds! Surely, the Lord had remembered them. They prayed, offered thanksgiving, and sang together the sweet songs of Zion.

But of course human nature is the same everywhere—we cannot always sing and pray.

«Grandma,» Alma burst out, «I don't wonder now that I have a good-looking wife! Why, you are positively handsome, and past fifty at that!»

«Now, now, I think we'd better be changing the subject,» Grandma answered; «I never found out how you got this wife of yours. After Dagmar left our friends on the Bear River she kept writing from Salt Lake City until we got a letter all at once from this place telling us she had got married. Please tell us all about that.»

«All right,» Alma answered, «if our friends here are willing to listen.» All assenting, he continued.

«I guess I'll have to start at the beginning. My dear mother had the honor of presiding over our Relief Society the last few years of her life, and as such became well acquainted with leading sisters from the city, who usually came to attend the ladies' conferences, and as I then led the ward choir, Mother always insisted on my coming to meeting to play the organ for them. This gave me a good chance to also become acquainted with the sisters, and many were the kind invitations I received from the dear old ladies to visit them at their homes.

«Among others, Sister D—— always put up at Mother's, whenever coming to town, and one or two of my sisters as well as myself had a few times called on her when in the city, by way of returning the compliment. Having occasion to go to Salt Lake some eight or nine years ago just at Christmas time, I called on Sister D—— as usual at her charming little home, and after the cordial greetings were over, she remarked: «I am so glad you have come, Brother Alma. I hope you will be able to cheer up my dear girl a little—I mean my Danish girl who works for me. She is neat and particular with her work, but looks so sad. I like to talk to her, and comfort her, but she cannot understand much English—she has only been three or four

months from the old country. I took her stockings the other night and hung them over the stove filled with presents for her, but she simply put on another pair in the morning—never noticing those I hung up. When I went and took them down and told her about Santa Claus, you never saw such a surprised girl: she went to the window and looked up and down the street. I could see she had never had Santa come to see her that way before, but finally I had the satisfaction of seeing one of her pleasant smiles, and receiving a kiss, which I heartily returned. But, sir, I don't want you to fall in love with her, for you can't have her; she is mine.)

«Fall in love? The idea!» But of course I was willing to go and talk to her and cheer her up a little, though my Danish was broken.

«The good lady led the way to the kitchen, where the girl was getting dinner ready. Merely introducing us, Sister D—— left.

«I looked and beheld—well, you see for yourself,» and Alma pointed with pride at his wife. «I forget how it happened, but I know I tried and tried to talk, but it finally ended in an apology in English for intruding on her domains, when we both burst out laughing. Well, Grandma, I guess I can't tell any more. But Mother and the girls wondered why I had to go to Salt Lake so often after that. Soon Sister D—— came out here and told the whole story. How I wish you could converse

with Sister D——! She will be out here in a couple of weeks. Since Mother died, she always puts up here at our house, and every time she comes it means a good scolding for me, for taking her best girl away from her.»

«How is Valdemar Steffensen getting along?» Dagmar asked of her mother without the slightest embarrassment.

Sister Dahl looked startled and turned her head towards Alma.

«Never fear, Mother; I told Alma about that long ago. He knows that I only (thought) I was in love then!»

«He married a rich widow soon after you left,» the mother answered. «I don't believe they know much happiness, though.»

«And, Mother,» Dagmar continued, «Sister Solomonsen will be here tomorrow. We meant to have her here on your arrival, but as you got here a day or two sooner than we expected, we didn't send her word in time. She is rather lonesome at times now, since her husband died and the boys married, though she has a nice home, and there is quite a settlement there. Bless the dear soul forever, for her kindness and love to me in my dark days!»

«And bless my little woman!» Alma said, as he kissed his wife tenderly. «She is one of the heroines of this Church.»

Grandma Dahl wept for joy as she hugged a little granddaughter.

Chris Neel.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

THIS subject has been brought forcibly to mind in seeing the agitation carried on here in Belgium with regard to Socialism, and for the betterment of the conditions of the people in general—to obtain that «liberty, equality, fraternity» which was the ensign of the French revolution.

This country is known as one of the busiest

in the world. Manufactures in great variety are carried on very successfully, as a result of which many people are amassing wealth rapidly. With an increase of wealth there is an increase of power, in the industrial world, of the employers over the employed. It is certain that the great wealth is concentrated, relatively speaking, in the hands of a few,

and this, with time and fair management tends to increase quite rapidly, separating further and further the capitalist and the wage-earner. It cannot truthfully be said that the wealth of all rich men has been gained illegitimately, nor can it be affirmed that in all cases it has been by perfectly upright methods.

The result of the increase of wealth in the hands of a comparatively few is to give them greater independence and increased advantage over those in their employment. To counteract the effect of the wealth power, the result, on the part of the laborer in America, is the formation of trade-unions, and in Belgium it is Socialism, the object of both of which is practically the same. Socialism, however, is not alone opposed to the concentration of wealth but also exercises some resistance to religion. During the French revolution the leaders of that movement came to the wise conclusion that the belief in and worship of a Supreme Being was a necessity, and if it is expected that this social system will accomplish its ends it will sooner or later have to be acknowledged by its advocates that something more than indifference to religion is absolutely necessary.

So far as its object is to obtain the brotherhood of man, Socialism is a grand idea, and it must be given credit for having ameliorated the conditions here in Belgium greatly in the passage of laws for better education of children, and for the aid of the workingman whereby his hours of labor were shortened and his compensation not diminished. But though the object of Socialism is very good, the means for gaining this object are not certain nor satisfactory.

In the Gospel which has been restored to the earth in these last days in its fullness, there is a divine plan whereby the equality and brotherhood of mankind will be reached, which is the only scheme through which it can be accomplished. This plan is that known as the United Order of Enoch which was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is plain to be seen that in the rejection of religion, Socialism is sure to fail in its object even if its methods were otherwise certain. The only means for the accomplishment of this end lie in the love of and obedience to the principles and commandments of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For without the Holy Spirit it is impossible to have that love for one's neighbor which the Savior gave as the second great commandment in the law, and that Comforter can be obtained only through willing obedience to the principles of the plan of salvation.

In the United Order a man proves his love for the Gospel and for his fellow-man, for he is willing to devote all to the advancement of the work of the Lord. Through the stewardship which he receives he is free to develop and use his ability in the improvement of his allotment in whatever way he can best do so. He labors diligently to increase his portion to sustain himself and family as well as to aid in the progress of the cause of truth. The great reason, in my mind, for the difficulty of the rich entering the Kingdom of Heaven as emphasized by the Savior was, not that riches are necessarily a restraint in accepting the Gospel, but that in the majority of cases there is a greater love for wealth than for the treasures of Heaven. The possession of wealth should be considered as a stewardship—not only for the benefit of the possessor but also for the aid of others. There are many men in the world who consider their wealth as a means for the advancement of others as well as themselves.

It is of prime importance that all of us should develop the talents which we have received, especially every gift and blessing that we possess, for the advancement of ourselves and for the building up of the kingdom of God upon the earth, and that every one of us may finally receive the commendation: «Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord.»

LIEGE, BELGIUM.

S. Q. Cannon.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE GROWING DISLIKE FOR THE FARM.

THE latter-day tendency among mankind to crowd into the cities and to "get away from the soil" has been noticed by every observer and commented upon by every writer or speaker on economic and social problems. The drift is strongly away from the farm with its homely pursuits, and toward the centers of population. It is not alone those whose profession or employment naturally requires that business be sought where people are assembled in large numbers; the movement includes those who have no profession or trade at all, outside of what they may have picked up about agriculture, and who have neither the wits nor the skill to earn a living except by the commonest kind of manual labor. Many farmers' sons, many farmers themselves even, appear to be so dissatisfied with their home surroundings and toil that they would rather leave their own land to grow up to weeds, or be leased or cultivated by hired help, than to forego the pleasure of living in a city and depending on others for day's work to furnish them a livelihood.

This is an unfortunate tendency, and it is greatly to be deplored. If continued, it promises no good to the race, either physically or mentally. Certainly it will lead to social conditions that cannot but be unpleasant and serious. It will naturally aggravate the situation, already grave enough, growing out of class distinctions, the distinctions between those who hire labor and those who have to labor for hire. It will make the taskmasters more haughty and arbitrary, and the toilers more and more slaves—or rioters.

The wise men among the nations of the earth realize these dangers, and every now and then one hears of efforts being made to correct or avert them by removing the cause. We were much interested recently

in reading of the success which had attended an effort in this direction in that tight little country of Denmark. There they have actually turned the current of population back the other way: that is, instead of the movement of people being from the land to the cities, it is strongly from the towns into the country. How long since this curious movement started we do not know; but it has been going on long enough to make Denmark the second country in the world in point of wealth as compared with the number of inhabitants; five-sixths of the land in the whole country is in possession of the peasants and the small freeholders. Probably the main factor in turning the tide of population back to the land is the development of social life and organization in the farming communities. Danish farmers and dairy owners have formed co-operative societies for the collection, sale, and export of their produce, and with great advantage. The peasantry have established some four hundred banks, chiefly under their own management. There are several hundred cattle-breeding societies. Numerous co-operative steam dairies, bakeries, factories, and mills have been set up. University and college students have taken a patriotic course of action in instituting free lectures and evening classes for the working people, committees for the promotion of popular amusements and cheap literature, and also for free legal advice. Nearly one hundred "peoples' high schools" have been established in various parts of the country. These are conducted by private proprietors, aided by very moderate subsidies from the government. The young men and women of the peasantry and working classes, of the ages of from eighteen to twenty-five, obtain board and instruction at these high schools for several months at a time, especially in winter, and at the low cost of about \$2.50 a week. The teaching at these institutions is largely oral, and gives special prominence to the national traditions

and history, together with practical science bearing on matters of rural life and occupation. Many other social organizations and influences are at work. In almost every village a public hall has been erected for popular recreation and social gatherings. The rural population has thus become roused to a lively, cheerful existence, both pleasant and profitable, and country life with its healthfulness has been made attractive.

Other countries might well study the lesson which Denmark has taught in this respect and draw profit from it in seeking to avoid the social dangers to which we have alluded. Probably in the communities of the Latter-day Saints there is less liability of these dangers than in most others. With us the current drawing away from the land into the cities has not yet set in very strongly. But it is already noticeable even among us, and it has received and does receive con-

siderable thought and comment from our leading men. How any person can choose the toiling servitude under a «boss» in a city, rather than the manly independence which comes from close contact with the soil, is to us a mystery, and it always has been. The cultivation of the soil has ever been esteemed as the most honorable pursuit. God Himself planted the first garden, «eastward in Eden.» He took the man whom He had created, and put him in the garden «to dress it and keep it.» After the fall, He sent him forth «to till the ground from whence he was taken.» Man is made of dust. The earth furnishes him with the means of maintaining life during the period of his existence upon its surface. At death it receives him again into its bosom. Truly it is a mother to us all in the most literal sense. Shall we be so unfilial as to despise a parent thus gentle and beneficent?



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE GREAT ARMY OF «SILVER GREYS.»

EVERY visitor to Utah is impressed with the large proportion of aged people in the community. We who reside here would notice the same thing, if it were not that we have become so accustomed to it that it seems to us quite regular. We meet and know so many who in other places would be called old that we cease to regard either the surprising number of them or their great weight of years. It seems so natural with us for men and women to live to a great age that almost anybody with less than seventy or eighty years is regarded as only of middle age, and if such a person dies, he or she is mourned as one who, if not cut down in the prime of life, had at least several years of usefulness ahead. Men's heads become silvered with the snows of many winters;

women lose their freshness of countenance and bend a little through many years of work and care; and yet their general health continues good and their faculties are bright and keen as ever. They grow old as a sound and vigorous tree grows old; not shriveling and withering but giving forth even more of wisdom's fruit and beneficent shade, retaining their usefulness and beauty of character to the last.

No one who has attended what we call an «Old Folks' Excursion» needs further proof of the correctness of the remarks above made. This annual excursion or entertainment of the veterans is a peculiarly Utah institution, or rather it is peculiar to the Latter-day Saints, whether in Utah or elsewhere—though its benefits are not confined to members of this Church by any means. It is a beautiful custom. It gives the aged, of

whatsoever name or faith or color, to understand that on this particular occasion everybody is prepared to do them honor. The town or the resort they visit is completely theirs, for the time being. The steam and street railways, the wagons and carriages, are also theirs—and woe to any employe or driver who would act gruffly or impatiently to even the humblest of them. Reaching their destination, the best that the land affords is spread lavishly before them. Their slightest want is ministered to by the youth and beauty of the vicinity. Then their games or contests, the various competitions for which appropriate prizes are offered, their delightful reminiscences, their gladness and gratitude—what a splendid occasion it is, and how charming and memorable to all those who take part in or even witness it!

But why should not people live to be old, under the shadow of these mighty mountains and under the teachings of the true Gospel? There is an inspiration to longevity in the sight and contemplation of the "everlasting hills." In the observance of the laws of God there is not only life eternal, but also health and life temporal. All the conditions favor the attaining of greater age than people in the world are accustomed to look for. The air and influences which surround us are of the best—at least the other kind can easily be escaped. Grinding toil, as the world understands the term, is unknown to us. Of course there is hard work, and plenty of it; but with it there is freedom and peace and the happy assurance that what we strive for we shall either enjoy ourselves, or our children will after us. Then how perfect is the Gospel in its instructions as to man's welfare, both here and hereafter! Its strict requirement as to the observance of the Sabbath—one day's rest in seven! Its plain advice and Word on temperance in all things and on abstaining from the things which "are not good for man!" Its glorious promises to those who abide these commandments, as to health, endurance, vigor and length of life! People

cannot help but live to be old under such surroundings.

As to the aged among the Latter-day Saints, it may further be said that they represent the stoutest and best types of the people from whom they were gathered. It has always required some courage to become a "Mormon." That faith has been unpopular. Its believers have had to endure the scorn of those with whom they had previously been associated. To join the Church meant frequently loss of employment, of friends, of family affection even, sometimes. The willingness to incur these penalties (for such they would be called by most people) for the sake of obedience to conscience and conviction, indicated in the outset a strength of character beyond the ordinary, a degree of sturdiness that comparatively few possess. It is true that these are mental attributes rather than physical; but will any one deny that mental strength has a great deal to do with physical health and energy?

The remarks last made necessarily apply to those who accepted the Gospel in their native lands. The Church has only been established seventy years, so those who may be called veterans in years could not have been born in it. But there is no reason why their descendants should not inherit longevity along with the other virtues displayed by their parents. On the contrary, there is every reason why they should do so, and in an increased degree. They ought not only to possess the health and vigor of their sires, but their improved surroundings ought to add to it. Freed from the traditions of their ancestors, they ought to be able to live more completely the laws of God. These, as already stated, carry their own sure reward with them. Then the honor they do the old folks is in itself a promise that we shall always have lots of veterans; for by the great Creator Himself is it not said of those who honor their father and mother that "their days shall be long in the land"?

The Editor.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

"BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

A CHRISTIAN man sat at his fire-side one morning. The day's work had not yet begun, and, waiting for his breakfast, he took up the daily paper to read. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful boy. The little fellow stopped playing at once, crept up into his Papa's lap, and snatched away the paper, exclaiming, «No, Papa! Bible first. Bible first, Papa!»

That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but this morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man in his loneliness and sorrow went forth to do his work for Christ. «Bible first, Papa,» was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He is exceedingly successful in his business. Wealth has accumulated, business has increased, friends have multiplied; but uppermost in that man's heart is the precious word of God. He has read and studied it. As teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath Schools, he has taught it. He has done more than this, he has practiced its precepts.

Would not the child's cry, «Bible first!» be an excellent motto for every Sunday School teacher in the land?

SUSIE FERRE.



HOW A DOLL AVERTED A WAR.

On one occasion Gen. Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish

to do. One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done. The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.



FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

IX.

Nauvoo with its temple and towers,
So suddenly left to decay;
From orchards, fields, meadows and flowers,
The founders all driven away.
Oh, beautiful city, left desolate! when
Shall thy homes and thy temple be builded
again?

In the fall of 1845, the persecution of the Saints by their enemies was so severe that

those living in outside places were advised to move into Nauvoo. Those having homes in the city opened their doors and shared their rooms with those who were moving in.

A Brother C—, (one of Brother Kane's converts) and his wife and family moved into the house with Sister Kane and her children. Aunt Nancy still lived with them and taught school.

After awhile Brothers Kane and Richards came home from their mission to Michigan, both of them sick; and then the others took sick also. For some weeks Sister Kane was the only one in the house who had sufficient strength to get up and wait on herself and the rest. During this time, when they were all sick, a little baby was born to Sister C—.

Dr. Willard Richards came to help Sister Kane then, and when the little baby was born it seemed to be dead. But with great care and skill the doctor revived it, and it lived a few weeks. But the mother was so low that she could not nurse it at all, and Sister Kane had to nurse both it and her own little Annie until Sister C—'s baby died.

One morning, in the winter, Sister Kane got up to light the fire, and while doing so she fainted away, falling on the floor as if she were dead. Brother Kane, who had been suffering with bilious fever, got up then, and, being alarmed for his wife, took her up and laid her on the bed. Then for a time, he did what he could in his weak state to relieve the others.

That was indeed a hard and trying time for many of the Saints.

Brother Kane would sometimes entertain the sick ones around him by relating some of his missionary experiences. One incident that he told, Favie never forgot.

In Michigan, where Brothers Richards and Kane had been preaching the Gospel, a gentleman by the name of Taft had joined the Church. He was preparing to leave his home and gather with the people at Nauvoo. He had two fine span of horses, one of black and the other of gray. Just as he was about ready to start for Nauvoo, one of his gray horses took dreadfully sick. He did all he could to relieve the poor animal, but it grew worse and was evidently about to die. Brother Taft went to Elders Richards and Kane, who were making their headquarters at his home, and told them of the condition of his horse. Then he asked, «Brethren, would it be sacrilege, or in any way wrong, for you to administer to my horse, the same as you would to a sick person who would call for it?»

The Elders agreed that inasmuch as Brother Taft had faith to ask for it, they would feel justified in complying with his request, and using the authority with which the Lord had endowed them for the relief of the suffering animal. They went and administered to the horse, giving it some consecrated oil to swallow and also anointing it, and praying over it, as the Apostle James directs. The horse was instantly healed, and Brother Taft soon gathered with the Saints at Nauvoo.

As soon as he was well enough, Brother Kane went to work on the Temple, which the Saints were striving hard to finish. But it was only a short time before the people had to begin their exodus from their beautiful city, they were harassed so cruelly, and threatened with such merciless treatment if they did not leave the State.

In February, 1846, Favie was eight years old. The same month, the roof of the Nauvoo Temple caught on fire, and Favie saw the

brethren line up in two rows; one row employed in passing pails of water from one to another, up, up, until the water was poured upon the burning roof; and then the empty pails were passed back along the other line, refilled and sent up again. There was no excitement, and the perfect calmness and unity which prevailed among the brethren made them successful in extinguishing the flames before much damage was done.

That was probably a life-long lesson to Favier. At any rate, the self-possession which was exhibited there, or the same spirit, always seemed to actuate Favier in all circumstances, no matter what threatening dangers might appear.

That same month, too, the Saints commenced their march from Nauvoo. Those who had teams and means to go with, were advised to lead out, and the others were to follow as they could. Brother Kane was among the first to leave Nauvoo, and with his family and several others whom he helped along, he crossed the Mississippi River in the winter, and traveled westward.

Before leaving Nauvoo, Brother and Sister Kane received endowments and highest and most sacred blessings and ordinances in the House of the Lord. The Saints needed all the strength which comes with those special favors from the Lord, to help them to bear the trials which lay before them. At Garden Grove and other places Brother Kane helped to fence land and plant grain and vegetables to be gathered by those Saints who were to follow the leading companies.

Reaching Mount Pisgah, Brother Kane left his family and returned to bring up some of the Saints who were too poor to help themselves. Sister Kane's tent was away from the

main body of the settlers at Pisgah, and she had no near neighbor. Her children sickened there, and all came down with the measles. Night after night the mother watched her sick children, alone and unaided, save by ministering angels. The older children got through the disease all right, but Baby Annie died before the return of her father.

That was indeed a day of sorrow for the poor, patient, lonely mother. Favier could sense her situation to some extent, but not fully. Both he and Rhoda tried in their childish ways to help and comfort her.

A young man came, when the baby was dead, and watched with the mother through that night of gloom. In the morning he made a little bark coffin in which the baby was buried.

On returning to his family, Brother Kane was met outside the tent by little Eva who told him she was his baby again now, for Baby Annie was dead. That was the first intimation the poor father had of the sad story of sickness and death in his family.

Then came the call for five hundred young men from among the Saints to go as volunteers to California and take part in the war with Mexico.

Ever ready to bear his part in all the hardships to which his people were subjected, Brother Kane consulted with his wife on the subject and then offered his services to help make up the number of volunteers. Brother and Sister Kane both sensed keenly the sacrifice they were thus making, but neither of them shrank from what seemed to be their duty.

When about starting with the other brethren who had volunteered, for Council Bluffs, where the companies were to be organized,

Brother Kane took his children one by one and talked with them as he had never done before. Favie, his only son at that time, he gave especial charges to, as he would be his mother's main help and dependence. And young as he was, the little boy felt something of the burden that was thus placed upon him.

Presidents Brigham Young and Willard Richards met Brother Kane and his associates on their way to Council Bluffs; and learning his intention to join the volunteers, they counseled Brother Kane to return to his family. The President told him his offering was accepted of the Lord, but for him, there was a «ram in the thicket.» His physical condition was not strong enough to bear the fatigue to which the volunteers would be subjected in their march across the great desert.

So Brother Kane returned to Mount Pisgah and helped to move the Saints on towards the West, after resting there for a short season.

L. L. Greene Richards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

TRENTON, UTAH.

I have been going to Sunday School as far back as I can remember, and am in the first intermediate class. We take the JUVENILE, and we all like to read the stories in its pages. My sister had a cancer on her foot and she went to one of the brethren to be administered to. The cancer is now gone.

LIDA COOMB3. Aged 10.



FILLMORE, UTAH.

I have four sisters, and one brother who was in Provo attending school all winter. I go to Primary and Sunday School and like to go very much, and like my teachers. This is

the first time I have ever written a letter to the Letter-box. We go to a new schoolhouse. It is four stories high and has a flag pole on the top of the tower and a flag on it.

EDNA CALLISTER. Aged 11.



ALPINE, ARIZONA.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Letter-box, but I love to read the letters that the other children write and thought I would write one too. I am a little Mormon girl and live in Arizona where there are lots of flowers and ferns in summer. I have one brother and two sisters.

CLARA BELLE PEARCE. Aged 11.



NEPHI, UTAH.

I live seven miles from Nephi. My Mama is dead. I live on a ranch with Brother and Sister Bale. I have a brother named John who lives in Nephi. I am 11 years old. We have thirty chickens and nine cows.

BERTHA HELLBERG.



POCATELLO, IDAHO.

I have a bank and have sixty cents in it since Christmas. When I get a dollar I will deposit it in the savings bank. I want to try to keep it there and keep adding to it until I am a man. I have four sisters and three brothers. Papa has a jewelry store and my eldest sister keeps the books for him.

PARRY HARRISON. Aged 7.



PHELPS, INDIANA.

I am a little girl 12 years old. My Mama and Papa and I have been baptized. My Pa is an Elder. One time my Mama was very sick and we had the Elders at our house, and

they administered to her and she was healed. I have great faith in the words of the Lord. My Sunday School teacher's name is Sister Maggie Flittner. And we have a good Sunday School. Brother James Peterson baptized me on the 14th of June, last year.

Your new friend,

ROSA EMERSON.



COLONIA JUAREZ, MEXICO.

I have been reading the little letters in the JUVENILE and I thought I would write one too. I have a little sister and three little brothers. My little sister Pearl and I go to school every morning. It is four miles from where we live to the school house and sometimes we have to walk. My Papa has been sick for nearly a year and during that time he has been to Salt Lake City and been operated on for appendicitis, and the Lord has blessed him and he is getting well.

JANNIE M. WHIPPLE. Aged 9.



GARDEN CITY, UTAH.

We like to hear the letters in the JUVENILE. Our Papa is on a mission in the Northern States; he has been appointed to labor in Rushville, Ill. There are five children in our family, three boys and two girls. Our baby is a sweet little boy—he was three months old at Christmas. We had a nice Christmas tree.

LARON CALDER. Aged 8.

ESSIE CALDER. Aged 7.



MONROE, UTAH.

I am fourteen years old, and am a member of the Young Ladies' Society. I like very much to go to meetings. We have our Young

Ladies' meeting every Monday evening. I like to go to Sunday School. I have nice teachers who are very kind to us. My Mama is a widow, my Papa has been dead six years.

Good bye,

LUCY NAY.



ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA.

I like to read the little letters in the INSTRUCTOR. I have three brothers and one little sister, and we think very much of her. When she was a year old she went to the store, where my Pa works, and she was playing with some poisoned wheat and put some in her mouth. She was very sick and we thought she was going to die. Papa gave her some consecrated oil and he and Uncle administered to her, and she got down off of Mama's lap and went to playing.

JAY PATTERSON. Aged 9.



SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

I live on a farm outside of town on the main road. We farm for a living. We raise wheat, potatoes, corn, hay, fruit and vegetables. I have six brothers and six sisters and a good kind Papa and Mama who try to teach us the principles of the Gospel.

MAY STRONG. Aged 10.



HUNTINGTON, UTAH.

Last fall my Pa and Grandpa took a trip to Grand Valley which is one hundred miles from Huntington. The first day they nooned at Desert Lake where there has been a great deal of work done to make a reservoir; as there is much good land that could be farmed if they could get the water. At night they made a dry camp the other side of Coyote

Springs, and the next day they nooned at the Holes in the Rocks. For some distance it is solid rock; one place is called the Devil's Washboard, and in walking over it, Grandma turned dizzy and fell and bruised her face very bad. In the afternoon they passed over what is called the Golden Stairs which is solid ledges of rock, and at night they camped in Cottonwood Wash. The next day they reached Green River. The railroad passes through here; they raise some nice gardens but all irrigation is done by wheels placed in the river that throw the water up. It rained so that they stayed there for two days. The next day's drive was to Courthouse Rock, where a station is kept and a daily mail runs from Grand Valley to Thompson Springs. The following day about noon they arrived at Grand River. Here a ferry is kept and they were ferried across. They were soon in town and there were large shade trees lining the streets. It is a flourishing little town with homes, orchards and vineyards.

NELLIE CRADALL. Aged 12.



LAYTON, UTAH.

I thought I would write a line or two. I milk a cow and get the sheep in. I have three brothers and two sisters. I go to school and read in the third reader. I have reading, arithmetic, writing and spelling. I have two sheep.

BASIL O. LAYTON. Aged 10.



CEDAR CITY, UTAH.

I am a little Mormon girl. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. Our president is very kind and we all like her very much. My oldest brother is on a mission. I am

raising silk-worms, and Mama says I must send him a silk handkerchief and tie for Christmas, for I love him very much, as I do all my other brothers. I have fifteen little snow-white rabbits and I take much pleasure in feeding them. Good bye, Little Letter-box, I will write to you again.

RUBY E. LEIGH. Aged 8.



LEWISVILLE, IDAHO.

I love to read the letters in the JUVENILE. I live on a farm. My Mama is dead and I live with my auntie, who is very kind to me. I have five brothers and one sister. I love to go to Sunday School and Primary. We have a large Sunday School and we have lots of good teachers. I was baptized last summer. I am in the second grade in school. Auntie and I were in Helena all winter with my uncle. The committee is preparing a nice program for the 24th of July. I invite all the boys and girls who write to the JUVENILE to come and celebrate with us.

SYLVIA MARLER. Aged 9.



OVID, IDAHO.

I want to write to the Letter Box. I love to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sunday School, Primary, and religion class. Our teachers and instructors are very good and kind, and we love them very much. Last summer I sold some papers and earned fifteen cents. I wanted to pay my tithing. Mama told me to pay ten cents in tithing, and perhaps I would earn some more money after awhile. I did so, and before very long I had earned a dollar. I know the Lord blesses us, if we keep His commandments.

ELIZABETH ANN S. JOHNSON,

Aged 11 years.

SUNNY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Words by W. H. GROSER

Music by T. C. GRIGGS.

Sun - ny days of child hood! Beau ti ful ye seem, Fair as spring tide

flow ers. Bright as sum mer : beam Days with joy o'er

flow ing, Care nor sad ness know ing, Must ye pass a way?

Happy days of childhood!
Swiftly moving on:
Into manhood changing,
Ye will soon be gone.
Like a streamlet flowing,
Pause nor stillness knowing,
Thus ye pass away!

Precious days of childhood!
Days of promise fair;
If bedewed with wisdom,
Rich the fruits ye bear.

Jesus' footsteps keeping,
Blest shall be our reaping,
In life's harvest day!

Sunny days of childhood!
We no tear will shed
When, like spring-tide flowers,
Youth and health are fled.
Earthly scenes forsaking,
We shall hail the breaking
Of an endless day.



DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. XIV—HABIT OF READING.

The value of a teacher's service to his students is not measured so much by what he does for them as by what he induces them to do for themselves, and the reading habit in youth is one which promotes quietude, reflection and earnestness. It is desirable, then, that the teacher, so far as he can, encourage the students to read, and to read good books. The trouble lies in the beginning, in the difficulty which young people have in taking up a line of thought that is something akin to their own, a line of thought that awakens within them their own better natures.

There is a congeniality with books just as there is a friendship among people. Friendship is not always based upon goodness, nor upon intellectuality, nor upon both. The companionship of friends grows out of a kindred nature that exists between them. If the teacher have some command of Sunday School literature, if he be familiar with a considerable number of most excellent books, and at the same time is familiar with his students, he will not find it difficult to recommend to them a proper companionship in books. One of the chief reasons that our Sunday School children do not read is that their teachers do not read, and are not therefore in a position to recommend books to their students.

It is almost impossible to induce young people to reflect upon the subject matter of Sunday School work if they have never acquired the habit of reading. Good books create feelings of contemplation, and how shall men contemplate the things of God if they have never been educated to contemplate the things of men? I should say then that it is one of the most important duties of the Sunday School teacher to encourage the students to read one or two good books during

the year, books which cultivate the moral and religious nature, books which appeal as strongly as possible to the feelings of youth, books that educate our faith by the hope which they create within us. I think, therefore, that no better effort could be made than that which looks to the reading habit in the lives of the children. It seems to me that the teacher who has not encouraged his class, especially in the intermediate and advanced grades, to read at least one or two books a year has failed to properly enthuse and inspire his students. Let the teacher select some choice books which he has carefully read himself, let him bring them to the Sunday School to show to his class, let him read one or two select passages which he has marked and which have been the source of inspiration to him, and the students will be glad to read what he has read, and they will emulate his example. The difficulty lies in reading the first two or three books, after that the effort grows less and less and more congenial to the students.

The habit of reading would not only aid the discipline of the Sabbath School by creating within the hearts of the children contemplative, thoughtful moods which would lead them to contemplate the things of God and love the lessons of scripture, but would also have a beneficial effect in improving the manners and general bearing of the students everywhere. What our young people need and need badly is more reverence for sacred things, more earnestness and zeal. I know of no better means to bring about these qualities in youth than the habit of reading. The conversations at home, social pastimes and gatherings upon the street do not develop these qualities as do reading good books. Conversations are often idle gossip. At home they turn upon idle topics about a multitude of things in general and nothing in particular. Educate our thoughts and they help

us to feel, educate our feelings and they help us to think. Let the teacher encourage the reading of good books, books that are not too large, books that are not too difficult and do not baffle the earliest efforts of the young, and recommend books that he himself has read, and of which he can speak understandingly. Let him encourage his students to buy books and read them. I think children should, if possible, buy their own books. There is something in the possession of a book that is really enriching in itself. There is something in its form that is beautiful, something in its companionship which creates enthusiasm and the love of learning. Start the Sabbath School children out early in life to get a library of their own. Books are now so cheap that they are within the reach of all.

Having the reading habit once established there will always be a strong sympathy between teacher and students. The book itself is a teacher, and if it is carefully read it will beget a strong confidence and love between teacher and pupil. Besides, these books will always leave in the minds of the students something to be explained and thus an opportunity will be given the teacher not only to encourage the habit of reading, but also to correct the misconceptions and apprehensions that are likely to arise in reading most books, and especially books written with conceptions and ideas at variance with those of the Latter-day Saints. The students will not only know what to read but will know how to read, and will learn to discriminate between that which is correct and that which is incorrect, and between that which is right and that which is wrong, but he will educate his judgment; so that he can pass intelligently upon the thoughts and ideas of others, and thus acquire a safe means of following the intellectual thought, reasoning and conclusions of others. *J. M. Tanner.*



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—DO YOU TAKE IT?

The interests of all branches of business and professions now-a-days are represented

in the journalistic and newspaper field, and this species of classified journalism is invaluable to those engaged in the special lines represented; and it becomes a great factor in the wonderful development of human knowledge, research and ability to execute, and produces marvels in the special lines of human thought and action, in which humanity is engaged.

There is a very marked and gratifying effort exhibited on the part of the large bulk of our Sunday School workers to qualify themselves for the faithful, efficient and intelligent performance of the very responsible duties resting upon them, in the guidance and management of our Sunday Schools, and in the inculcation of the principles and practices of our holy religion. Possessed of this laudable ambition, the individual will seek means for its realization, and one of the means is the perusal of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. With the increased space placed at the disposal of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, by the publishers, for the publication of its official communications, notices, correspondence and articles on Sunday School teaching and work, what Sunday School officer, teacher or member can now well do without the JUVENILE? Each school also should have one or more copies for its use as a school, for current information and reference. Nor will the JUVENILE be without value to the leading officers of the Church, stake, and ward, affording them as it does the means of being *en rapport* with so large and active a body of their constituencies. The mobility of our Sunday School organization, like that of an efficient army, can be made and should be made irresistible in its divine march, by attention to the means thus afforded for rapid communication and instruction.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IN THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board realizes that in addition to its extensive field

of operation covering the territory embraced by the forty-two stakes of Zion, reaching from Canada on the north to our thriving settlements in the republic of Mexico on the south, and eastwardly and westwardly from Wyoming and Colorado to portions of Nevada and Oregon. There is also an ever-increasing and extending growth among the several missions established in the southwestern, southern, northern, northwestern, eastern and western parts of the United States; in Great Britain, continental Europe, portions of Asia, Polynesia and elsewhere. We are anxious to learn more specifically of the conditions existing among the schools of the missions than is afforded by the mere receipt of their annual reports. As one of many means to accomplish this, we would appreciate from the presidents in charge their sending us regularly the periodicals which are published by some of them in the interest of their respective conferences and missions; as no doubt in them mention is sometimes made of Sunday School affairs and experience which would prove of service to us.



ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF STAR VALLEY STAKE.

Minutes of the annual Sunday School conference of the Star Valley stake of Zion, convened at the Afton ward meetinghouse at 10 a. m., June 30, 1900.

We were favored with the presence of Assistant General Superintendent Karl G Maeser and W. D. Owen of the Union Board, the presidency of the stake, the stake superintendency and workers from the various wards. Stake Superintendent Edmund McLatchie presiding. The congregation sang «Beautiful Zion.» Prayer by Bishop Osborne Lowe of Afton. Hymn, «Little children, love the Savior,» was sung.

Roll of schools called showed seven present and two absent. Brother Maeser stated that right now he wished the officers and teachers to feel free and hand in all the writ-

ten questions they had pertaining to Sunday School work and answers would be given. He desired all to take notes of what was said.

Stake Superintendent E. McLatchie then reported. The stake board had been trying to encourage the school officers to adhere to the Treatise and be guided by it in their work.

Tithing and Word of Wisdom, honoring the Sabbath and reading the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR were themes dwelt upon. The Nickel Fund was reported. The Leaflets were successfully used in some of the schools.

Report of Bellevue school given by Superintendent W. Cranney.

Concert exercise, the Ten Commandments, led by J. F. Astle.

Report by Superintendent Orson Allred of the Fairview school.

Brother W. D. Owen addressed us. Was gratified to see such a good attendance at our first meeting. Exhorted all to seek the Spirit of the Lord that we may have an enjoyable time during the conference. Hoped the program would be carried out that no failures would occur. All should have a hymn book and use it.

Brother Maeser said he was filled with great anxiety during these conferences, the time is so short—so much to be done. We need instruction in our work. Brother Owen and I have been sent here by the Sunday School Board to instruct you. We do not wish to find fault. That is not our business. Nor to advance our own private ideas. We have no right to teach anything but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To plant in the hearts of the children a knowledge of the principles of the Gospel.

There are three great aims in having these conferences:

First. To give an object lesson to all the Sunday Schools in the stake. Everything introduced in our conference should be a model. The speaking should be distinct. The prayer, the singing, the marching and all the exercises should be models.

Second. To give visiting members of the Union Board an opportunity to give instructions based upon the reports of superintendents. These reports should be sent in before conference so they could be looked over.

Third. To give the members of the Board a chance to become acquainted with the various ward superintendents. If a superintendent can not attend conference he should write an excuse and see that one of his assistants attended.

Hymn, "In our Lovely Deseret." Benediction, President A. V. Call.

Two p. m.—Hymn, "Our Jubilee." Prayer by Superintendent B. H. Allred. Song, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer."

Roll called; all schools represented except Fairview, excused on account of a funeral.

First Assistant Superintendent Edward Davis expressed pleasure at seeing so good a showing. In connection with his brethren had visited all the schools recently. Took great joy in his labors. Spoke of the respect that should be shown the servants of God.

Report of Mount Pleasant Sunday School by Assistant Superintendent Hardman.

Class exercise from second intermediate class of the Glencoe school. Subject, "Baptism." Concert recitation, the Articles of Faith, led by B. H. Allred.

Report by Superintendent J. F. Astle of the Grover school.

Class exercise from the infant class of Grover. Subject, "The Story of David."

Class exercise. Subject, "The Sacrament," from intermediate class, Auburn school.

Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser then answered some questions. Teachers should not address pupils as Miss or Master, but as Brother or Sister.

The mission of our Sunday Schools is to teach the truth regarding this great latter-day work. Explained how we should teach. Teach principles and let the children think they discovered the items themselves. We are only fit to teach while we are willing to

learn. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR should be used in Sunday Schools. The superintendent should choose such pieces or extracts as are adapted to the various grades.

W. D. Owen spoke. Encouraged the practice of taking notes during meetings. Was delighted with the exhibition made. It should be built upon. Politeness should be taught to our children. Called attention to our old time hymns and the Sunday School hymn book.

Singing, "The Iron Rod." Benediction by Patriarch C. D. Cazier.

Sunday, July 1, 1900.—Meeting called to order at 10:05 a. m. Singing, "Guide me to Thee." Prayer by J. L. Shepherd. Song, "Far, far away on Judea's Plains."

Roll called. Nine schools were present—all in the stake.

Brother J. L. Shepherd, superintendent of Bear Lake Stake Sunday Schools, who was visiting with us, spoke. He expressed pleasure in witnessing the interest manifest in our meetings. It is expected that the rising generation will live nearer to the laws of God than their parents do. All teaching should have an end in view—that should be the impressing of truth upon the hearts of the children and developing their spiritual nature. Even the orderly marching develops more than the mere stepping to music: it will aid us in being orderly in other ways. We must not be selfish in our work, for it is one continual sacrifice from the time we start until we finish.

Report of Afton Sunday School was read by Superintendent B. H. Allred, followed by an exercise from the primary class of Afton school. Concert recitation, "Testimony of the Three Witnesses."

In answer to some questions Brother Maeser spoke on the following points: The teacher who persists in the use of tea, coffee and tobacco and intoxicating drinks should be replaced with one who respects the word of the Lord regarding such matters.

We lose much time in not knowing how to

teach. The object of a normal class is to prepare teachers. Obedience is the first law or principle of the Gospel. He expressed satisfaction with the class work presented, and gave many points to guide the work in the future. There should be testimony bearing in all the departments every Sunday. In this the teacher should be sure to kindle the fire and give it a chance to burn. There is nothing small in education, and these points pertain to it.

Elder W. D. Owen made some remarks on punctuality and on singing and on getting members to attend.

Hymn, «Ere the Sun Goes Down,» was sung. Benediction by A. B. Clark.

Officers' meeting was then held, July 1, 1900, at 12:15, E. McLatchie presiding.

Prayer by E. Davis.

Roll called, ninety-eight present.

Brother Maeser explained the eight points in the Treatise governing teachers' meetings. Gave instructions on the relation of officers one to the other.

Benediction by O. Allred.

July 1, 2 p. m.—Opened by singing the hymn «Beautiful Words of Love.» Prayer, President W. W. Burton. Song, «Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn.»

Roll called, eight schools answered.

Sacrament administered under the direction of the Afton bishopric, during which time Brother Maeser spoke on the order desirable during this ordinance and the authority which should direct it. The general Church authorities and Sunday School officers were then presented and sustained.

The remaining hour of the conference was devoted to the subject of religion classes. Brother Maeser eloquently related to us how the move was inaugurated by inspiration. He illustrated the six steps to be taken in the work, after which he called upon all to judge if the work was of God or if it was of men.

President George Osmond made some remarks endorsing what had been done.

Hymn, «Day of Rest» was sung. Benediction by President George Osmond.

G. A. Condie, *Secretary.*



MINUTES OF THE KANAB STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The annual conference of the Sunday Schools of the Kanab stake of Zion convened in the Orderville schoolhouse, July 14th, 1900. There were on the stand Elders George Reynolds and Thomas C. Griggs of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, Stake Superintendent Wallace O. Bunting, President Thomas Chamberlain and a good representation of officers from the various wards.

Stake Superintendent Wallace O. Bunting called the meeting to order and the congregation sang «Beautiful Zion.» Prayer was offered by President Thomas Chamberlain. Congregation sang «Little Children, Love the Savior.»

Roll was called, showing five out of the seven Sunday Schools of the stake represented.

Superintendent F. L. Porter of Orderville reported his school in a good condition, and led the congregation in repeating the Ten Commandments. Superintendent Hans Sorensen of the Mt. Carmel school reported the condition of that school. The Fredonia Sunday School was reported by a teacher, Asa Judd.

Brother Thomas C. Griggs spoke on the duties of the Sunday School officers, and the advantages of the Sunday School conferences; of the necessity of teaching the principles of the Gospel; that the officers and teachers should realize that there is always room for improvement, and little room for advancement where there is found a «know-it-all» officer or teacher. He said the desire of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board was that the influence of the Sunday School would go with us at all times. He also spoke of using the proper means for

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teaching the children whose young minds are so easily influenced.

The Kanab Sunday School was reported by Stake Superintendent Wallace O. Bunting. Congregation sang «In our Lovely Deseret.» Benediction was offered by Elder Henry Blackburn.

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.—Choir sang «Our Jubilee.» Prayer was offered by Brother Edward K. Pugh. Singing, «Joseph Smith's First Prayer.»

Superintendent D. B. Roundy of Graham ward gave a good report of that school.

An exercise was given by the Orderville kindergarten class who in closing sang «Up, up in the Sky.» Brother Samuel Claridge, a visiting brother, spoke of his labors in the Sabbath School, and the great work that is before the youth of Zion. The Articles of Faith were repeated in concert by the congregation, led by Superintendent F. L. Porter. Brother Thomas Chamberlain of the stake presidency said he was interested in the Sunday School cause. He knew of no work that would bring such joy and satisfaction as does the work in the Sabbath Schools.

Instrumental music by Sister Mary E. Lewis of Kanab.

Elder George Reynolds exhorted the young to work with zeal, and not to be ashamed to labor in the cause of God, and concluded by asking the blessings of God upon all.

Congregation sang «We Thank Thee, O God.»

Brother Thomas C. Griggs said the more that could be brought to work in the Sunday School the livelier would be the school, and concluded by encouraging all to pay their tithing.

Congregation sang «The Iron Rod.» Benediction by Superintendent F. L. Porter.

Sunday morning, July 15th.—Conference convened in the new Social Hall. Congregation sang «Guide me to Thee.» Opening prayer was offered by Brother Samuel Claridge. Singing «Far, far Away.»

Superintendent James Watson of the Glen-

dale ward reported well of that school. A quartet by members of the Orderville school was sung.

The Testimony of the Three Witnesses was repeated in concert by the congregation, led by Stake Superintendent Wallace O. Bunting. Brother Thomas C. Griggs gave some general instructions in regard to Sunday School work, and concluded by bearing his testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

Brother Samuel Claridge spoke a short time and concluded by singing a song of his own composition on the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.

«Abinadi, the Martyr,» was recited by Diantha Esplin. Congregation sang «Ere the Sun Goes Down.» Benediction was offered by Brother Howard O. Spencer.

Sunday afternoon.—Conference continued by the congregation singing «Beautiful Words of Love.» Prayer was offered by Elder Heber J. Meeks. Congregation sang «A Jubilee Hymn.»

The sacrament was administered by Elders Alfred Meeks and Charles Heaton under the direction of the bishopric. During the passing of the sacrament Brother George Reynolds spoke on the atonement of Christ. He also dwelt at some length and with great stress in warning the Saints to avoid joining themselves to secret societies.

An instrumental selection was then given by Charlotte Cox of Orderville.

Brother Thomas C. Griggs of the general Board led in naming the general authorities, and they were sustained by the congregation. President Thomas Chamberlain occupied a short time.

Stake Superintendent Wallace O. Bunting spoke of the great Sunday School work, and closed by thanking the members of the Union Board who had so kindly visited and instructed the schools.

Brother Thomas C. Griggs also warned the people against becoming entangled in secret societies, and advised those present if they had heard anything worthy of note during the

conference, to take it to their homes and put it into practice.

Congregation sang "Day of Rest." Benediction was offered by Charles W. Carroll of the Orderville bishopric.

Officers' Meeting.—During the conference one officers' meeting was held, at which some very valuable instructions were given by Brothers Reynolds and Griggs.

Kezia Esplin, Acting Secretary.



CONCERNING TOPICS FOR NEXT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The following circular has been mailed to all the stake superintendencies of Sunday Schools and will no doubt receive their careful consideration:

DEAR BROTHER: At the first Sunday School convention held in Salt Lake City, in 1898, the delegates were urged to submit written questions to be answered from the stand by the leading Church and Sunday School authorities. This part of the convention proceedings was very interesting, and, no doubt, much necessary information was gained by Sunday School workers. At the next convention, to be held in November it is proposed to have a "query box," into which questions may be dropped, and a committee will select those of importance and appoint brethren to answer, giving them ample time to do so intelligently. Many points of interest to workers will, however, be disposed of in the programs of the various sessions, and, in order to lessen the tax on the "query box," the committee has decided to ask the stake superintendents to submit at once a list of the subjects which, in their judgment, should be considered at the convention.

Therefore, brethren, we ask you to take special interest and send in at once all the points that may suggest themselves to your minds as being proper subjects for consideration at the second convention. As you know, the success of the meetings will depend large-

ly upon the amount and kind of information given, and the topics discussed should be selected with great care and wisdom. Kindly send in the desired list of subjects at once, as the committee is anxious to prepare the program and send it out to the various Sunday Schools. By working together we can surely make this important occasion, like the last one, long to be remembered by all earnest Sunday School workers.

Your brethren,

GEORGE REYNOLDS,

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,

GEORGE D. PYPER,

General Committee.

Salt Lake City, July 20, 1900.



HOW TO USE THE LEAFLETS.

The question is frequently asked by some of our teachers, "How shall we use the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets?" We here reproduce the instructions given on Leaflet No. 139, and as printed in other numbers also:

Instructions to teachers: 1. Have one verse only read at a time. 2. Have all the references given below the text read and explained whenever they occur in any verse. 3. The same course to be observed with the notes. 4. After the reading of a verse, explanation of its references and notes, call for any questions from among the pupils on any yet unexplained point in the respective verse, reference or note. 5. If no questions are forthcoming, or they should not be sufficiently satisfactory, ask the needed questions yourself. 6. Follow the order of exercises as given in the Leaflet. 7. Questions on the lesson are only suggestive and should be supplemented by as many more as occasion may require. 8. It is advisable that the teacher occasionally gives the Lesson Statement himself as a pattern, or divides it between three or four pupils. 9. The points in "What we may learn from this Lesson," are only suggestive. One of these should constitute the

chief part of the whole lesson, toward which the treatment of the whole lesson should have a bearing. 10. It is rarely possible to finish one Leaflet in one Sunday.



CHANGES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.

Stake Superintendent Joseph E. Robinson having been called on a mission to California, has been succeeded by Wallace O. Bunting as superintendent of the Sunday Schools of Kanab stake, with Elders Fred A. Lundquist as first, and Robert Wm. Bunting as second assistants, all of Kanab, Kane county, Utah.

The present officers of the Palisade, Bingham stake, Sunday School are: superintendent, Willard H. Weeks; first assistant, John Berrus; second assistant, John W. Fawson; secretary, Sarah Butler; Librarian, Pearl Casta.

Superintendent Seth A. Johnson of Tropic, Panguitch stake, Sunday School called on us as he was on his way to fill an appointment as a laborer in the Colorado mission. He stated the new officers in the Tropic Sunday School were: superintendent, Joseph Hilton; first assistant, John A. Jolley; second assistant, Charles T. Black; secretary, Elizabeth Polock.

Superintendent James Eardley, thirty-two

years superintendent of the Third ward, Salt Lake City, Sunday School, was honorably released from that position, together with his assistants, Francis Bolto and Walter Grames. Elder Andrew F. Smith has been appointed superintendent with George E. Maycock, first assistant and W. Hazen Eardley, second assistant.

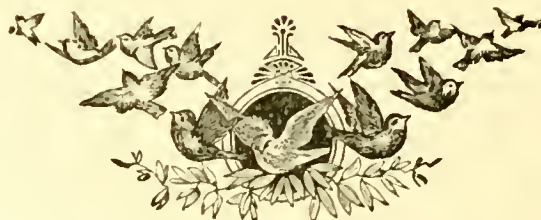


NOTELETS.

Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets number 193, Gospel Dispensations; number 194, Israel; number 195, the Dispersion of Israel; and number 196, the Gathering of Israel, are being mailed to the Sunday Schools.

A number of brethren have made appreciated visits to our office and visitors' room, among them Stake Superintendents Nathan T. Porter of Davis Stake, Justin D. Call of Box Elder, Joseph Wilson of Logan, T. H. Cutler of Fifth ward, Logan, and Wm. McLachlan of Seventh ward, Salt Lake City.

We have given an order for one hundred and twenty-five thousand envelopes for use in the collecting of the «nickel» fund, Sunday, October 28th, 1900.



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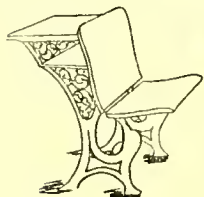
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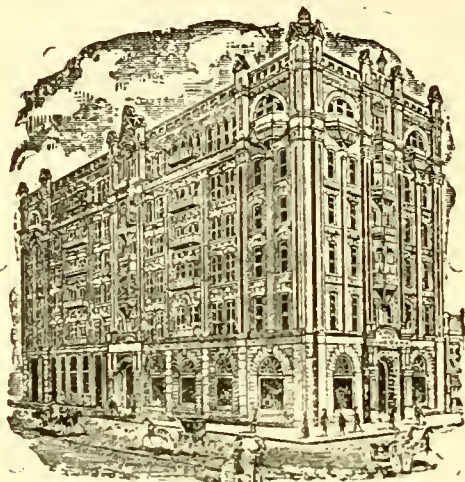
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CURRENT
TIME
TABLE.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:05 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and Intermediate points	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and Intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:00 noon
No. 5—For Ogden and the West	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	11:45 a. m.
No. 8—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl, Intermediate points	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and Intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City	6:45 p. m.

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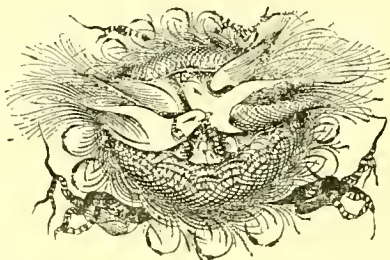
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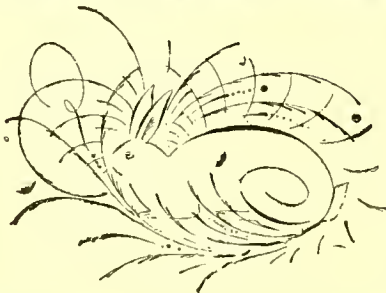
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